

No 32.

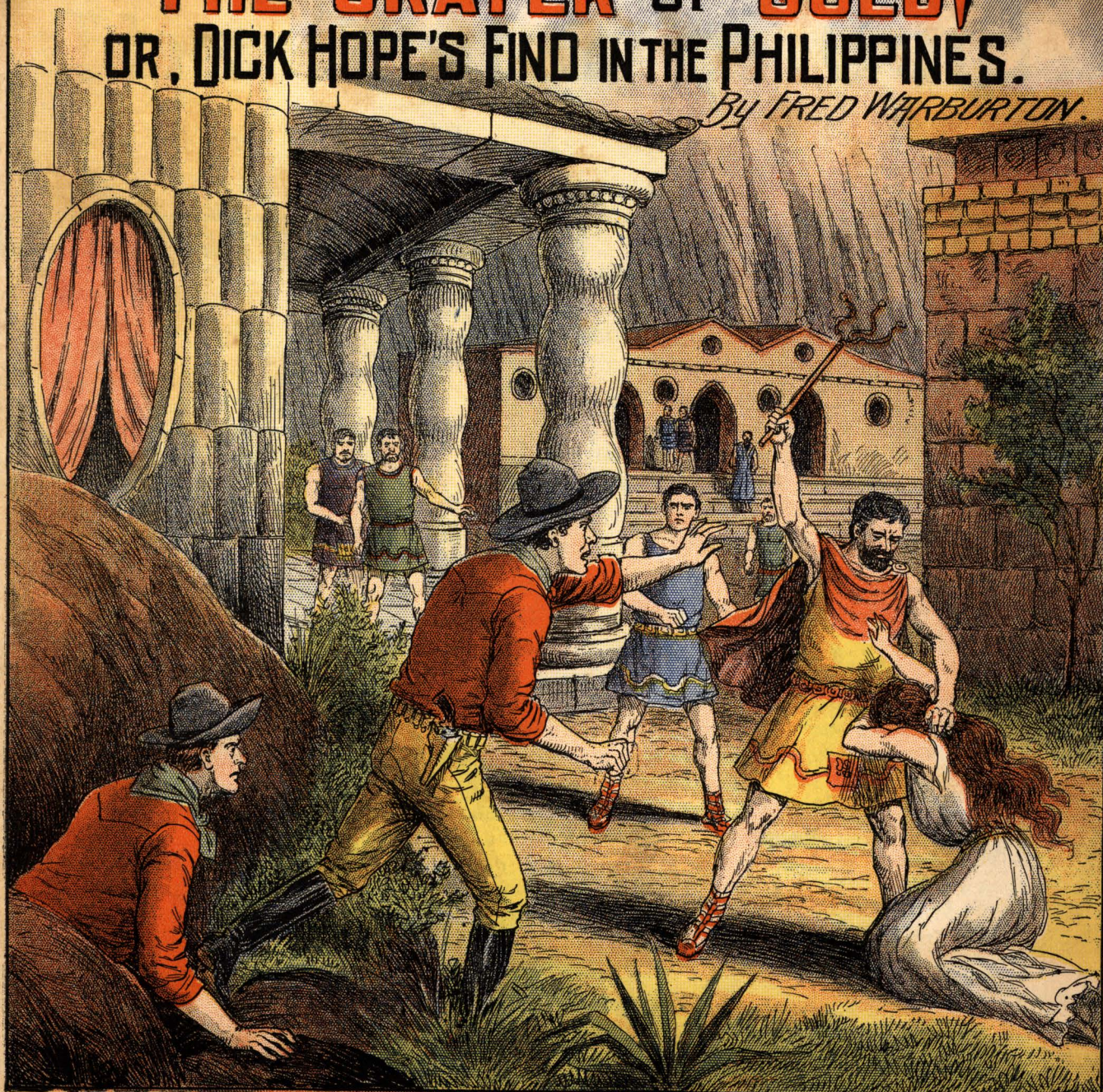
5 CENTS.

# WIDE AWAKE

A COMPLETE STORY **WEEKLY**. EVERY WEEK.

## THE CRATER OF GOLD; OR, DICK HOPE'S FIND IN THE PHILIPPINES.

By FRED WARBURTON.



Dick and Brad burst from cover in time to save that girl of princess-like beauty, but brought the fury of the whole strange crew upon themselves. "We're in time for dinner!" laughed Dick, grimly, as they faced the mob. "And we're to be the grub!"



# WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY

**A COMPLETE STORY EVERY WEEK.**

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1906, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.*

No. 32.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1906.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## The Crater of Gold

OR,

## DICK HOPE'S FIND IN THE PHILIPPINES

By **FRED WARBURTON**

### CHAPTER I.

#### A FALL OFF THE EARTH.

"A strange, dreary spot, Thakka," observed Dick Hope.

"Even so, senor," replied Thakka, the little brown sergeant of the Philippine constabulary.

The American boy had just risen from a sound night's sleep at the sound of the bugle, for these Filipinos who serve Uncle Sam as constables in their own islands live under military discipline.

Dick, after yawning and stretching, stood looking curiously at the bleak, rugged, rocky mountain-top country of this part of the northern end of Luzon, the principal island of the Philippine group.

"Good morning, Dick!" hailed another American boy, crawling out from under the shelter of a shelter-tent—dog-tents, or pup-houses, as Uncle Sam's soldiers call them.

"Oh, good morning, Brad," returned Dick, turning to greet his chum. "Do you see what a desolate country Thakka has brought us into? It was so dark when we got here last night that I didn't realize what a wild, barren spot it is."

"Humph! I don't see much of beauty around here," grunted Brad.

In truth, the mountain country around them was depressing in its effect.

In centuries past these wild crags had been thrown up by volcanic action.

Even to this day trees and grass did not flourish well.

Here and there were spots where grass had taken root, but this was close to springs of water.

It was only on or near these grass plots that trees grew to any great height.

For the rest, it was coarse sand, lava dust and broken bits of volcanic rock.

As far as the eye could see in every direction was this same dreary prospect.

"Couldn't you have picked out a more hideous spot, Thakka?" cried Dick.

The Filipino sergeant, returning from watching his dozen men groom their horses, grinned.

"It is not a handsome country, senor. But, then, the trail—the very little trail that we have, senor—runs through this country."

Dick Hope's face instantly became solemn.

"You do right to remind me of the trail, Thakka," he replied soberly. "What do I care what the country looks like, if only the trail leads true?"

"Yet it is such a very poor, thin trail," sighed the little brown man. "For six weeks now we have followed it—and for what? Only to find, always, that the trail is growing longer."

"Let it grow longer!" cried Dick, defiantly. "Let it grow longer and longer! Let the trail keep us following for six months, even, if only it lead to success in the end! For that is what haunts my dreams by night and all my thoughts by day—the end!"



"I am following faithfully, my young senor," the Filipino reminded him gravely.

"So you are, Thakka!" agreed Dick, heartily. "I am not complaining, am I?"

"Sometimes," suggested the sergeant, "Americanos feel that, because we are only Filipinos, we do not serve them as faithfully as we might."

"I never said that, Thakka, and I never thought it," rejoined Dick Hope, slapping his hand hard against the native's shoulder in a way that made Thakka grin with pleasure. "And, now, what for breakfast? for I see no signs of that meal and notice no smells of cooking."

"This morning, senor," replied the sergeant, "we are only hoping for our breakfast."

"The supplies have run out?" demanded Brad Thompson.

"Even so, senor. It is here that I am under orders to wait until men reach us with new supplies of food."

"Are they supposed to reach us to-day?" demanded Brad, looking mighty serious, for he was one of your prompt-breakfast boys. The instant that he was on his feet in the morning he wanted to celebrate his rising by eating.

"This is the morning that the commissary escort is expected to reach us," Thakka answered. "And this is the spot. That was why I came six miles off our trail last night to camp here."

"Do you mean to say that there is no food of any kind to eat?" insisted Brad.

"We have left, senor, nothing but coffee, sugar and salt."

"But surely this country furnishes some kind of food?"

"Sometimes there are a few fish in these mountain streams," replied the sergeant. "At this time of the year, too, there are a few wild fruits and vegetables to be had. As soon as my men have attended to their horses I shall send some of them to fish and others to see what they can find growing."

"And in the meantime," groaned Brad, "my stomach thinks my throat is cut."

"Oh, go make yourself a cup of coffee, then, poor fellow!" laughed Dick, who himself felt a wonderful appetite this morning, but who didn't propose to make a fuss about it.

Brad departed toward the little tent where supplies were kept during the halts.

Within a few moments there was the sound of crackling wood, and soon after that the fragrant odor of coffee.

Dick in the meantime stood under one of the stunted trees looking more than half-sadly over the country.

Our hero's father was Captain John Hope, of the Forty-second Infantry, United States Army.

Three years before the opening of this historical account Dick and his mother had come to the Philippines with Captain "Jack" Hope.

Two years ago, while scouting in the mountains of Northern Luzon with his company, Captain "Jack" Hope had suddenly and completely disappeared.

At the time it was supposed that he had been cut down

by one band or another of the hostile savages who occasionally take to the warpath among the mountains and valleys of the northern end of the island.

As time passed, Captain Hope had been regarded as dead. He would have been dropped from the army rolls had it not been for the vigorous protests of Mrs. Hope and her son.

They still hoped against hope that Captain Jack was still alive, a prisoner only in the hands of some tribe or band.

Twice during these two years stories had been brought in by friendly savages to the effect that a man who answered to the description of Hope was still alive, but a prisoner.

Each time a military party had been sent out, only to return without news of the missing man.

Some weeks ago a third report had come in that Captain Hope was alive.

This time the story seemed more probable than ever.

Officers of the Forty-second talked it over with Mrs. Hope and Dick.

"We don't want soldiers to go out this time," Dick declared. "It's a job for our native Filipino constables. They know the country and understand the savage natives. The Filipino constables can get over the ground more quickly, and they'll go into all sorts of places where infantrymen wouldn't even think to go. And if we can get constables to send on the track of this new yarn, I'm going, too."

To this latter proposition Mrs. Hope did not object.

Of course, it was a dangerous expedition, going into the wild, all but uninhabited mountain sections with so few comrades.

But army women are bred to regard danger as man's natural lot.

Besides, Mrs. Hope believed that her energetic son, if he went along with an expedition, would do much to push it on to success.

Through the strong efforts of officers of the Forty-second a detail of Filipino constabulary was ordered out on the trail of this latest report.

Dick went with them, though the discipline of the constabulary force forbade his taking the lead.

His chum, Brad Thompson, went, too.

Brad was a government stenographer in the employ of one of the departments at Manila. Having been in poor health for some time, he easily secured leave of absence in order to go along.

And now for six weeks they had been following what proved to be a shadowy, slippery trail.

A few natives had been found, here and there, who admitted having seen such a white man as a prisoner of some Irrogote band.

Yet all these informers seemed to have different ideas as to where the supposed Captain Hope had been taken by his captors.

Still the youngsters persevered, and still Thakka stuck



to his task with the faithfulness that is usually shown by the Filipinos in the service of Uncle Sam.

Inwardly Dick had begun to feel that he was not likely to find his father.

Outwardly he showed nothing of the sort.

He was the life, the spirit, the purpose of the little party.

Whenever the others showed signs of weariness or discouragement Dick always spurred them on to new hopes and greater energies.

"Come and have some coffee, Dick," Brad called. "And ask Thakka. I've made enough for three."

Dick called the sergeant, who had gone back to the men and their horses.

The sergeant came quickly enough when called.

"I have just ordered four men to fish and four more to go after wild fruits and vegetables," reported Thakka, as he glided up and joined the boys over the coffee.

"How long will it take them to get something that way?" inquired Brad, almost nervously.

"An hour, at least. Perhaps two, senor."

"Then I'm sorry I heard that bugle go this morning," grumbled Brad. "I could have slept through my hunger. But now I'm awake for the day."

"Why can't we take a ride, Thakka, and have a look at the country?" suggested Dick.

"We can, senor," replied the Filipino, quietly.

"A ride!" groaned Brad. "Oh, yes, we need exercise to give us an appetite—for a breakfast that we haven't got!"

"Oh, come along, old fellow," laughed Dick, rising from the ground and going toward where his pony was picketed. "We'll sure have something to eat in an hour or two. And then think how good it will taste."

Brad followed, but he brought his grumble with him.

"What on earth do you want to go scouring the country for?" he asked crankily.

"Because," Dick replied very quietly, as he lifted his saddle, "I want to see every bit of the country that is possible. With the business that I came here on I can't lose one single chance to learn something new. You don't need to come, Brad, but Thakka and I are going."

"I must seem like a crank," uttered Brad, disgusted with himself. "For the minute, Dick, I forgot the serious business that brings you into these wild parts."

"I never forget it, even for an instant, when I'm awake."

"And I don't mean to again."

"Oh, that's all right, old fellow," replied Dick, with his sudden, quiet smile. "It isn't your father that we're looking for."

Having finished saddling, Dick quickly adjusted the bridle and leaped into the saddle.

"Always the first to be ready!" grinned Thakka, who, however, was not much behind.

Even Brad, who never seemed to be in a great hurry, was soon seated astride his little six-hundred-pound pony.

Thakka took the lead in silence over a barely visible trail.

At the first high ground Brad, naturally enough, raised on his stirrups and sent a sweeping look around the country below.

"Looking for that commissary escort, I'll bet," smiled Dick, who brought up the rear of this procession in single file.

Brad only grunted.

"I am going to show you something of a curiosity this morning, senors," the little sergeant called back.

"Make it a beefsteak, then, for Brad's sake," laughed Dick.

"But no! It is something else," replied Thakka. "We shall be within view of it within another five minutes."

The sergeant now lashed his pony to a stiff trot, the two boys following close behind.

Five minutes later the Filipino reined his pony in almost to a walk.

Here, the way being broader, Thakka signed to his young companions to join him.

They rode up on either side of this constabulary officer, who was reputed to know every inch of the wildest parts of Northern Luzon.

"What is that you see ahead?" asked Thakka.

"It looks like a great hole in the ground," Brad replied, and added under his breath:

"The hole in my stomach feels almost as big."

"It looks from here as if it might be the bowl of a great crater," guessed Dick Hope.

"And that is exactly what it is, senor," replied the sergeant. "It is truly a great crater, an enormous one, since it must be at least seven miles across."

"Does it ever work in these days?" asked Dick. "Spout up lava and make the earth shake?"

"Oh, no, senor. The volcano has been an extinct one ever since the memory of man runs."

"Any molten lava down in the bed of the crater?" demanded Brad.

"Hardly, senors. There is nothing in the bed of the crater now but grass and tall trees."

"Fertile, eh?" asked Dick.

"It looks extremely fertile, senor."

"Then I suppose there is a settlement down in the bowl of the crater, eh?"

"Hardly," grinned the sergeant. "No one has ever been down in the bed of this crater."

"No one?" echoed both boys at once.

"Wait but a minute or two more, senors, and you will understand much more than I can explain. Now, a brisk trot for a while!"

Again Thakka led the way towards the now sharply defined edge of the crater.

In hardly more than twice sixty seconds the young adventurers reined up close to the edge of the crater.

Tethering their ponies to a stunted tree that grew close by, the three went forward on foot.

"Whew!" whistled Brad, as they gained the edge of the



crater. "What a corker! It's worth coming around the world to see!"

So impressed was Dick Hope by the sight that for a few moments he uttered no word whatever.

Truly the vast crater did seem to be seven or eight miles across.

In shape it was an almost circular bowl, and a tremendously deep one, since the bottom of this crater lay what seemed to be fully four thousand feet below them.

Great, seamed, jagged walls, that were almost perpendicular, hemmed in the bowl of this crater.

While the walls—cliffs, rather—were much too steep to permit of anything larger than moss growing on their sides, the bed or valley of the crater, which from the height seemed almost perfectly level, presented a rare view of luxuriant vegetation.

A carpet of green lay over the whole of that great stretch of country. Thick groves, mostly of very tall trees, broke the level green at frequent intervals.

Dick Hope's first, awed question was:

"How do you get down there, Thakka?"

"I do not know, senor."

"What! You, who the army men say knows every inch of this part of Luzon?"

"But I have never been down in that beautiful crater, senor, and I never saw but one man who said he had."

"And he——"

"He was a liar, senor—a man who never attended mass," replied Thakka, with his odd, dry grin.

"Do you mean to tell me that mortal man has never been down in that beautiful spot?" cried Dick Hope, wonderingly.

"If ever a man has been down there, he has concealed the fact," replied the Filipino.

"Say, I'd like to take a day or two to try to get down there!" glowed Brad, fired by a sudden ambition.

"Don't think of it, senor!" cried Thakka, a look almost of terror showing in the eyes of this little brown man, whom the boys knew to be, nevertheless, a man of courage.

"What's wrong with the crater?" asked Dick, quietly.

"In the first place, senor, look at those steep walls. Not even a mountain goat could descend them."

"Not even with a rope?" blurted Brad.

"Where shall one get a rope nearly a mile long?" asked Thakka, doggedly.

"Whee; But it would be worth while!" bubbled Brad.

"Sure death, senor, for such a rope would be cut to shreds over some of the sharp edges of rock that it would touch."

"But, surely, Thakka," persisted Dick, "there must be some path, some cleft, some gully that leads down there," hinted Dick.

"If so, senor, no one whom I have ever seen has heard of it."

"Do you know, Thakka," jeered Brad, "I'm beginning to think you wouldn't want to go down there if there was a way and an easy one."

Thakka shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps you have hit upon a truth, young senor," replied the sergeant, who, being thirty-five years old, sometimes enjoyed rubbing Brad's seventeen years into him by using the word "young."

"Why, what objection could you have to going down there if you knew a way?" Dick questioned.

"That valley down there, senor, is the abode of evil spirits."

"Oh, is that all?" asked our hero, while Brad uttered a contemptuous:

"Humph!"

"Ask any of the native you find for forty miles around here," protested Thakka. "They will tell you."

"But we don't believe in evil spirits, ghosts, haunts, and that sort of thing," replied Dick, softly.

"Your disbelief will not slay one of them," rejoined the sergeant, with another shrug of his shoulders.

"What do the spirits do down there?" Brad wanted to know.

"They often bring ill luck to travelers in these mountains," replied Thakka, crossing himself.

"Oh! But how do the spirits ever show any one that they live in that crater?" Dick insisted.

"One can see strange lights in the valley by night," replied the sergeant. "Also, some nights when the air is very clear and still, unlucky travelers have been known to hear voices rising out of the crater."

"Have you ever seen the lights or heard the voices, Thakka?" questioned Dick.

"Yes," replied the little sergeant, again crossing himself. "Both in one night. And after that I was wounded badly in a fight with insurgents and all but lost my life."

"Lend me your field-glasses, Thakka," requested Dick.

The sergeant passed them over, then turned back to look at the ponies, while Dick took a long, sweeping look down into the far-away valley below them.

"What rot that fellow talks!" grunted Brad. "Witches, strange fires, ghostly voices, and all that rot!"

"There's one thing we've learned about the little sergeant," murmured Dick, still using the glasses.

"What do you mean?"

"We have found that Thakka never intentionally tells us a lie."

"But do you believe in the strange lights, the voices, and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes," Dick replied, quietly. "Take these glasses and see if you see what I do."

Brad took a long, eager look.

"Jupiter!" he gasped. "Am I dreaming, or do I see gardens?"

"Either that," Dick replied, "or else Nature has done some wonderfully even work."

"Gracious! Don't I see some houses?"

"It looked to me like that," Dick answered. "But I couldn't be sure on account of the shadows under the trees. Thakka, will you come here?"



But the Filipino, without turning around, called over his shoulder:

"I would much rather, senor, that you came here."

"What on earth is getting into the fellow?" muttered Dick to himself, as he started over to where the little sergeant stood by the ponies.

"Have you ever looked down into the crater with field glasses, Thakka?" Dick questioned eagerly.

"Never, senor, and I never shall!"

"And why not, please?"

"It is not for me to pry into the doings of the evil spirits of the crater," rejoined Thakka, crossing himself still once more.

"Oh, bosh!" grunted Dick.

"Very good, then, senor. Let us say no more about it. And let us ride away from this accursed spot. We have been here much too long. I did not dream that you would be so curious about it."

Thakka was more than serious. He seemed actually surly.

"So much depends on this fellow that we've got to humor him," Dick explained to Brad, whom he called over.

The sergeant, having already untethered his pony, was leading him on foot.

"Why not mount, Thakka?" hailed our hero.

"I beg of you not to think of it, senors," replied the sergeant. "After prying into the crater your ponies will be under a spell. If you attempt to ride your ponies will be sure to misstep and hurl you into some gully."

"Humor him. The poor fellow is in real earnest," Dick muttered to his friend.

So the boys followed after Thakka, each leading his pony.

"Say, he's badly scared," observed Brad, staring after the retreating figure of the little sergeant. "He can't get away from here fast enough."

"Yes, I guess he's scared," smiled Dick.

In another few moments, in fact, Thakka had gone beyond their range of view.

"It doesn't matter, Dick observed. "We can't miss the way back."

Now their way took them into a narrow gorge between two walls of rock.

Hiss! One of the deadly mountain snakes, disturbed at the side of the path, reared its head and sent forth the sickening challenge.

Dick's pony made a violent leap away from the path, dragging the boy, too.

Dick's flying feet trod on a tangled growth of brush, then—

Crash! With a yell the boy went feet first through a long, chimney-like shaft in the rock.

Bump! He landed with fearful force far below.

Nothing but the presence of a thick bed of hume, mould and decayed leaves saved him from a broken neck.

Dazed, Dick Hope looked swiftly upward, just in time to see Brad's anxious face outlined sharply against the sky.

"Look out!" Dick tried to yell, but his voice seemed to go barely above a gasp.

Then suddenly Brad Thompson lurched, tripped, and came plunging headlong down.

Like a flash Dick did the only thing he could do—dodged back out of the descending Brad's way.

Chug! And the other boy was down at the bottom of that deep hole, he, too, scared, but otherwise unhurt.

"Well, say!" gasped Brad. "We're here!"

"And Thakka," Dick replied, "would say that it served us mighty well right!"

"But where on earth are we?" sputtered Thompson.

Where, indeed?

## CHAPTER II.

### IN DIRE TROUBLE WITH PEOPLE OF ANOTHER WORLD.

"The more I see of this," groaned Brad, "the less I like it."

"For the present," grumbled Dick, "I shall be thankful if we can keep on seeing something!"

It was fully two hours later.

The boys, either one of whom would have despaired, if alone, though neither dared admit that to the other, had kept track of the time by frequently looking at their watches.

They were no longer at the bottom of the shaft.

After staring for some time up at the sky, so far overhead, they had decided that it was worse than useless to remain where they were waiting for Thakka to come back and find them.

"Thakka will be sure that the evil spirits have paid us back for prying," was the grim way that Dick put it. "Thakka won't invite some of the trouble for himself."

Both of the boys carried pocket flash lamps of the dry-battery kind.

These are much in use in the army in war time, and so such lamps were plentiful in Manila.

Once they realized that they could not climb up the tall shaft down which they had fallen, and that it would be equally useless to expect Thakka to come back for them, the youngsters had produced their pocket lamps and had looked about.

The shaft extended into a tunnel that sloped gradually downward.

"There's a constant draught of pretty fair air here," Dick announced; "so this tunnel must lead somewhere."

So they found their way along the tunnel, which gradually became much higher, though it continued to be narrow.

At first both used their flash lamps freely.

Later, however, they realized that it would be better to economize their light.

"For we've no idea how many hours we may have to be in here in the darkness," Dick explained, in a voice that shook a bit.

"Whee! But I'd go crazy stumbling around here in the dark," Brad declared quakingly.

So they economized their light.



And now they had been on their way for at least two hours.

Still the floor of the tunnel seemed to go slightly downward.

"Gracious!" quivered Dick, at last. "What if this is the way down into the bed of the crater?"

"I hope it is," retorted Brad, solemnly. "I saw gardens there. Murder, but I'm growing hungry!"

"I'd sooner see broad daylight than the finest breakfast ever spread," protested Dick.

"Oh, I've got a hunch on for both."

"Say, do I smell something?" proposed Dick, suddenly. He was in the lead, using his lamp, but he halted.

"Whee! Say, do you know what that smell is, Dick?"

"Sulphur, and there must be tons of it burning within easy reach of here."

"I wonder," shivered Brad, in a chilled, awestruck voice, "if that was right about evil spirits? Do you think we could be anywhere near the Bottomless Pit?"

"I didn't think you'd swallow such stuff as that from an ignorant Filipino!" cried Dick in reproach, though his own voice was now none too brave.

"Well, what can that sulphur be, then?" challenged Brad.

"Why, sulphur burns in all volcanoes, and this is a volcanic country," Dick suggested, hopefully.

"Say, that's a bully good explanation!" cried Brad, gratefully. "Thank you for it! Of course, it's volcanic sulphur!"

"The explanation won't help much, if we've got to breathe this stifling smoke," choked Dick, as they turned a bend in the tunnel.

"Whee! Say—what——"

Brad's ejaculation—or was it a query?—died in a gasp as the boys staggered around another bend in the tunnel.

There was no need now of their pocket lamps.

Indeed, those handy little "torches" seemed pale and insignificant now.

Ahead of them, through a yellow, murky, lurid cloud gleamed a dull light that filled the whole of the tunnel at this point.

Dense, huge, sulphurous clouds rolled up, so it seemed, from the floor of the tunnel.

Fortunately this smoke did not come in their direction, but poured away from them.

"That's our finish!" croaked Brad. "We can't go on a step further!"

It looked that way to our hero, too, but he responded quickly:

"No use of two of us going forward. You stay here, Brad, and I'll scoot forward and get the lay of what's ahead if I can."

Brad saw his friend hold a handkerchief over his mouth and glide forward.

In two minutes Dick was back.

"Oh, it's tough enough!" he grunted. "Brad, that sulphur smoke and that light come up from the bowels of the

earth, somewhere. And there's a cleft in the ground that's at least twenty feet across."

"Call it a hundred, or a thousand, then," uttered Thompson, dully. "It might as well be."

"Brad, I think we can get across."

"What good would it do if we did?"

"But we can't stay here. We'll only starve to death staying here."

"And choke to death if we get across the chasm. The fumes of sulphur are all blowing that way."

"But, Brad, why don't those fumes blow this way more? Because there is a stronger draft of air the other way. And if that's so, what does it mean? Some opening, somewhere ahead."

"It may be another shaft that we can't climb up out of."

Dick seized his chum by the shoulders, shaking him almost angrily.

"Brad, old fellow, wake up, can't you, and get your nerve? We've got just one chance for our lives. Don't you understand that? Can't you?"

"Life—over there!" grunted Brad, pointing back to the fissure and the sulphur cloud.

Just at this moment the fumes and the smoke belched up more thickly.

For a few moments the light was all but obscured. Then, as the suffocating cloud diminished, the light became stronger.

Dick saw that it was time to take full, undisputed command—to rule by force, if need be.

"Brad, you follow me. Keep your ears and your eyes open and follow any order you get. Come!"

Brad held his handkerchief over his mouth and went gradually closer to that luminous cloud.

At a twitch from Dick he lay down on the floor of the tunnel, where the air was a trifle purer.

Then from around Brad's waist Dick unwound the lariat that Brad had always worn there since coming on this trip.

Brad rolled over to stare at his chum, for Dick, having uncoiled the lariat, which was thirty-six feet long, including the noose, was making swift casts at a projection of rock that hung down from the ceiling overhead.

At the fourth cast Hope made it. He drew the lariat tight, climbed up it to make sure that it would bear his weight, then uttered a choking:

"Hurrah!"

An instant later he cried hoarsely:

"Listen, Brad, to every word! See! Here at the lower end of the lariat I've tied a small bit of rock. I'm going to try to make a pendulum of the lariat. I'm going to take a short run and try to swing across over that chasm. If I succeed, I'll toss the lariat back to you. Brad, don't fail to catch it! What would become of us if we were separated by that chasm, with the lariat hanging just out of the reach of either of us?"

"Don't be afraid of me, old fellow," spoke Thompson, steadily. "I've got my wits again."

"Good!"



A brief, swift, hard hand-clasp. Then Dick cried:

"It's no use waiting. Nothing gained by delay. I'm going to try now. Be ready for your part!"

Getting a firm, hard grip on the lariat, Dick ran back as far as the length of the rawhide would permit.

Then forward he went as fast as he could make his feet fly.

Just barely Dick's feet touched on the other side.

He did not shout back—could not in those choking fumes.

But he made a good throw, sending the stone at the end of the rawhide straight at Thompson.

Brad caught it.

Then, choking and strangling, Dick turned and threw himself face downward.

He was roused by a touch from Brad's hand.

Dick rose. Holding their breath, they stumbled forward for fully two hundred feet.

Then suddenly the great cloud was lifted from them.

It went swirling onward and upward, drawn through some shaft that ascended through the rock.

Ahead of them stretched the darkness of the tunnel.

But here they felt a stronger pressure of air, and sweeter, too, than any they had tasted underground.

For fully five minutes the boys remained where they were, panting and breathing in the delicious air.

"We must be fairly near open air, old fellow," throbbed Dick, at last.

"The bed of the crater—then, it must be!"

"I hope so."

"Oh, don't I!" uttered Brad. "Fresh air, sunshine—and something to eat."

"Always something to eat!" tantalized Dick.

But both were happy, now that that awful, sulphurous gap lay behind them.

"Say," uttered Brad, flashing his lamp on the dial of his watch, "do you know what time it is?"

"Dinner-time?" jeered Dick.

"Well, it ought to be. It's just past twelve o'clock."

"Come on, then—and save your lamp. I'll use mine."

The tunnel being wide enough at this point, the two walked onward side by side.

Suddenly both stopped, and the flash in Dick's lamp went out.

"Say, did you hear that?" sputtered Brad, his blood running cold.

"Of course I did."

"There it is again!" quaked Brad.

It was an eerie, gruesome sound to reach them there in the bowels of the earth.

For the sound was a piercing scream, either of terror or of agony.

"Say, I don't believe I can stand this!" uttered Dick, desperately.

"Nor I, either," answered Brad. "Yet what can we do? We've got nowhere to run to."

"But that was a woman's voice!"

"Go 'way! Thakka was right. This is a region of evil spirits."

Again came the shriek—then a hoarser scream in what seemed to be a man's voice.

"Say, I can't stand that, and I won't," grumbled Dick. "Come on! We'll get through here quick and see what's up."

"Do you think it's human?" demanded Brad, hoarsely, as Dick, flashing his lamp, began to tread forward.

"As I don't believe in spooks, I can't believe it's anything else than human," quivered Dick. "We'll soon find out."

Again that scream in a woman's voice. And now it was plainly close at hand.

Then something happened so suddenly that both boys started backward in amazement.

For one more turn brought them in sight of unmistakable daylight.

It was only the narrowest kind of a glimpse of daylight that they obtained, for suddenly the tunnel had dwindled into a passage so small that they were forced to crawl on hands and knees.

Yet in that one, narrow glimpse they saw much.

First of all, just ahead, close to a cliff-like wall of volcanic rock, they espied two handsome-looking buildings of a white stone like marble.

But these were the background, the setting.

In the foreground, close to where the narrowed tunnel opened out into the world, strange-looking human figures flitted by.

Just before the opening stood a powerfully built, swarthy-looking man of perhaps forty.

A robe gathered around his breast fell just to his knees. His arms were bare; his legs from the knees down were bare, also, save for sandals and the lacings of that footgear.

His face was scowling, but now the boys saw him reach out, to the accompaniment of another shuddering scream.

His left hand clutched in the dark tresses of a young girl of superb figure and the rarest beauty, his right hand waved a short, many-lashed whip.

With a savage scowl, the wretch dragged the girl toward him.

Dick and Brad burst from cover in time to save that girl of princess-like beauty, but brought the fury of the whole strange crew upon themselves.

The instant that they emerged from that hole in the ground and stood up before the startled but glaring strangers the boys knew that they were in for it.

"We're in time for dinner!" laughed Brad, grimly, as they faced the mob. "And we're to be the grub!"

"Keep your nerve, Brad!" quivered Dick. "Don't draw your gun unless you have to!"

Grab! They had forgotten their rear for an instant. Both facing the same way, they were pounced upon stealthily from behind.

Strong enough arms had these people of the crater.



Though Dick and Brad now struggled like mad, neither could free even one hand.

At least two-score of people, mostly men, faced the boys now, many of the onlookers chattering and gesticulating excitedly.

"That lingo sounds familiar," ground out Dick, "but I can't make out what they're saying."

At all events, our hero had the satisfaction of knowing that the princess-like beauty had profited by the excitement to escape.

As her tormentor turned upon the intruders he forgot the girl.

She slipped from his grasp, ran a short distance, then turned to gaze back anxiously at the handsome young strangers who would have done their best to serve her.

Plainly the man who had tried to beat the girl was the leader here.

With a gesture he stilled the tumult of voices.

Then he gave his orders crisply.

Held tightly on either side, Dick and Brad were dragged past a great white building.

Behind this was a strange structure. It looked like a cave, save that the perpendicular bars were of marble-like material instead of metal.

Perhaps twenty feet square and some nine feet in height, this stone cage had a massive wooden door.

One of the men ran ahead, pulling the door open.

Then the boys' captors hurled the young Americans inside, slamming the door on them.

"Well, we're here," grimaced Dick. "What next, I wonder?"

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOFA'S CRUELTY PASSES ALL BOUNDS.

"Mira, what does Hofa mean to do with us?"

"If I but dared tell you!" sighed the girl.

Three weeks had passed—three weeks of steady confinement for the American boys.

These three weeks of confinement had all but worn out their patience.

To them, in this time, had come only two consolations.

First of all, they had learned to understand these strange people—their speech, at least.

It was Spanish—such a Spanish as may have been spoken two or three hundred years ago.

Every American who goes to Manila learns, sooner or later, to speak Spanish; so the boys, with a little practice, found themselves able to understand and to speak this much more ancient Spanish.

These dwellers in the crater's bed numbered nearly three hundred men, women and children.

The men all wore robes reaching from the breast to the knees. The women wore simpler robes reaching to the ankles.

Shoes were unknown here, but every one wore sandals.

"I think I've figured out where these people came from," Dick had announced to Brad one day. "They must be de-

scended from some of the early Spanish explorers. The ancestors of these people got down in this crater bed in some way and couldn't find their way out. So they have lived on here, developing as a separate race—a tiny, pocket edition of a nation."

"But, if they're descended from Spaniards," objected Brad, "how does it happen that some of these people are as light as the others are dark? Mira herself is as fair as a Danish girl, all except for her tresses."

"There are light Spaniards, sometimes," Dick replied. "Besides, not all of the early exploring parties were made up wholly of Spaniards. They often enlisted people of other nations in their ranks."

Hofa, they learned, was the name of the brute who had been about to beat the girl, whose name was Mira.

Hofa, the most powerful among these men, was the chief-tain or prince, a brute and bully, and greatly feared.

Mira was the daughter of a man who, a year or two before, had been accidentally struck on the head.

Ever since that blow Mira's father had been mildly idiotic.

Mira, the greatest beauty among the girls here in the crater, was eagerly desired by Hofa for a wife.

Yet, despite his leadership and his ugly temper, Hofa could not force the girl against her will.

It was part of the unwritten law of these people that no man could force a woman against her will in marriage.

So, though Hofa had authority to beat the girl, if he so desired, yet he could not force her to wed him.

Mira felt that she would rather die than become the wife of a wretch whom she loathed as she did this scoundrel.

Since ordering the boys locked up, Hofa had not come near enough to them to give them speech.

He glared at them from a distance, permitting others to feed them once a day.

Brad, who loved his "three squares a day" was getting in a murderous frame of mind.

As Mira, standing before this strange prison, replied that she dared not hint what Hofa's plans might be, Dick eyed her keenly.

"I believe, honestly, that you are our friend," he hinted, insinuatingly.

"Can you doubt it?" cried the girl, her eyes filling with concern. "Can you doubt that I am the friend of those who brought all their misfortune down upon themselves by trying to befriend me? And you failed, after all, for Hofa has beaten me three times since then."

"He has—the scoundrel!" cried Dick. "Oh, if I could get at him!"

The words were spoken in English, and Mira did not understand them.

Dick's flashing eyes, however, spoke their own language.

"It is useless to think of vengeance upon Hofa," she sighed. "He is all-powerful here."

"If I could get at him for about sixty seconds he wouldn't be!" flared Dick.



This he spoke in the girl's own tongue, which he had learned mainly from her, for Hofa had not prevented her from coming to see his prisoners.

In fact, the boys were kept and regarded as human curios for the amusement of all the dwellers of the crater.

Brad even now was eying the bracelets of gold that the girl wore.

Gold seemed as common here as iron is in most localities.

From Mira they had learned that gold abounded in the crater.

Hence Brad had named it The Crater of Gold.

But Dick had his eyes wholly on the girl's face, and his thoughts on the future.

"Mira," he persisted, "why cannot you tell us what is going to become of us?"

"Because it would be disloyal to Hofa," the girl answered, simply.

"But surely you have no cause to love him, to be loyal to such a beast as Hofa!"

"Only the cause of fear," sighed the girl.

"Fear? You have said that you wished he would order your death!"

"But Hofa has other means of reaching me," cried the girl, tremulously. "Do you not understand? What if he were to order my poor, idiotic father to be tormented before my eyes? Could my heart, my brain, stand such a hideous sight?"

"Would Hofa dare do such a thing?" shuddered Dick.

"Would Hofa dare? Hofa dares anything!"

"But, whatever he does," pressed Dick, with a little, jealous twinge, "you will never let him force you into wedding him?"

"I have told you that," the girl answered, her own eyes flashing.

"You have promised it," Dick corrected, solemnly.

"Promised it?" asked the girl, with a puzzled look.

"Didn't you?" asked Dick in such a voice that Brad fell back, then crossed to the other side of the great cage.

Mira, standing just outside the bars, looked at the young American in innocent curiosity.

"I do not understand you," she said slowly. "But, at all events, I shall never become Hofa's wife."

"That's a promise, then," Dick clicked.

"But why should you care about a promise?"

"Don't you understand, Mira? Don't you know that I'd be jealous of any man you chose?"

Now Mira did understand. A crimson wave swept over her face, neck, shoulders and arms.

Then as suddenly she turned pallid, clutching at one of the stone bars for support.

Dick's eager eyes watched her face.

She looked down at the ground, then up into his face.

"I do promise, then," she answered in a very soft voice, her eyes wet.

Next she broke out, in tremulous passion:

"But of what use to think or speak of such matters? You are brave?"

"As any man!" boasted Dick.

"Then you must be told that you will never leave your prison to—to—to——"

"Speak out, Mira!"

"You will never leave this place to go forth and live!"

"Perhaps I shall!" uttered Dick, though his face was white and set.

"And you would go to the worst torments if Hofa but knew——"

"Hofa does know!" interrupted a deep voice that was more like a growl.

Into sight around the corner of one blank, solid wall of the prison stepped the chieftain and bully of the crater.

Hofa's face was as black as a violent storm-cloud.

His huge, muscular form quivered as he strode forward.

"You jade!" he hissed, seizing Mira by her fair shoulders and hurling her away from the bars.

Then, while Mira recovered and stood looking on, shaking, from a distance, he glared at Dick Hope with such a gaze as a fiend might fasten on a victim.

"So you make love to the girl I have honored with my notice?" he snarled.

"Honored?" jeered Dick, returning the glare with a look that was absolutely steady.

"You dare to be insolent?"

"I dare anything with a beast, a human pig, a crawling snake like you!"

Bold words, those! Yet, in Hofa's present temper, nothing could much increase his wrath.

"Whatever made you think that any woman could love a beast like you?" demanded Dick, his eyes flashing back, undaunted, the look of his tormentor.

Hofa choked, his breast surging, while he tried to stare down the boy's look.

Then, suddenly, with an angry snarl, he turned and blew on a gold whistle.

As if in waiting, a dozen men came hurrying forward.

Two of them busied themselves with unlocking the massive door and taking down the heavy bar that had rested across it.

"Drag them out!" yelled Hofa.

"You bully, are you afraid of us?" demanded Dick, as the men entered the cage.

"I afraid?" asked Hofa, hoarsely. "Why should I be?"

"Then why do you send so many men to seize us? Do you fear that we will get loose and spring at you?"

"And what if you did get loose and spring?" quivered Hofa, stretching forth his powerful arms.

"You would appear to be afraid to let us walk forth before we have been seized," Dick taunted.

"Afraid?"

"Yes, afraid—as all great bullies are! You dare not let us go forth except held by your men.

"Stand back from the knaves!" quivered Hofa, hoarsely.

"Let us see who is afraid! Touch them not, my men, so long as they obey. Now, then, striplings, come out of your



prison. Walk around in front of yonder building. But if you do not obey you must be dragged."

"We need not be dragged," Dick Hope replied stiffly.

He and Brad, heads erect, and with proud, firm tread, walked away from the stone cage, passing around the great building and halting before its entrance.

"Bring the girl's father!" shouted Hofa.

From some near-by place two men appeared, dragging between them a half-witted, middle-aged man.

At sight of this captive, Mira, with a shriek of terror, ran and threw her arms about the captive.

As if by magic the people of the crater began to assemble.

Hofa, standing apart, proudly, savagely erect, with his arms folded, looked on with glittering eyes.

"My people," he cried, in that deep, resounding voice of his, "for to-day I promise you a treat, a holiday, a spectacle."

"It'll be a tough one on us, I'm thinking," whispered Brad.

"Hush!" came softly from Dick, whose whole gaze was centered on the strange scene.

"First of all," promised Hofa, "you shall see some sport with the girl's idiot father. The girl, too, will furnish some sport. Then you shall see these white strangers done to the death!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### DICK PLAYS HIS TRUMP CARD.

Mira did not cry out this time.

She seemed to stiffen, to turn to stone, almost.

The worst had come—that which she long had dreaded.

Her father was to be tormented before her eyes, with her powerless to prevent.

Yet, though her face was as white as any marble, and she seemed as stiff and tense, her lips did not tremble, but her eyes flashed strangely.

"Bring the fool forward!" commanded Hofa.

The men started to drag him forward.

Then Mira spoke, in a low, steady voice, one that carried to nearly all the spectators.

"Men and women," she demanded coldly, "will you stand such infamy as this?"

"Gag the girl, if she will not be still!" ordered Hofa, sneeringly.

"She will not be still," cried Mira, her voice ringing now. "She will never be still again, in her lifetime, while a tyrant and a brute rules over her people!"

Most of the men and women looking on gasped in their amazement.

But Mira, not heeding either Hofa or those who feared him, threw herself before her father.

"He shall not be tormented, nor made sport of," she insisted, sternly. "I call upon all honest people to rise and throw Hofa behind his own prison bars! Now! This instant!"

"Whee!" quivered Brad Thompson, under his breath. "Bully girl! She must be backed up!"

"Steady!" whispered Dick, warningly. "Don't spoil anything. Let Hofa hang himself with his own rope. He'll do it!"

"Now is the time! There will never be a better!" rang the girl's clear voice. "How many men are there here? I call on all who are men, and not mere beasts, to step forward and shake the hand of contempt in Hofa's face."

The chieftain of these people no longer tried to silence the justly furious girl.

Instead, he stood looking around him, at the faces of the crowd, with that curious, savage, sneering look in his eyes, that contemptuous smile on his thick, coarse lips.

"Step forward!" appealed Mira, more ringingly than ever. "Let us see how many real, brave men there are!"

Only one man started to step forward. Hofa's eyes lighted on him as the lightning strikes.

"Ha! So you are the brave one who would throw me in my own prison?" jeered the brute. "Men, drag that impudent fellow forward. Let us have a look at him."

Dick Hope snorted with disgust as he saw a score of men leap forward to seize the one man who had dared show friendship to Mira.

They brought him before the chief.

"Tie him to that stake over there," commanded Hofa, nodding.

With pallid face and set teeth, the one man in the crowd was dragged to the stake.

In sullen silence he permitted himself to be tied securely.

"My friend," cried Mira, in a low, tremulous voice, "all I can give is my thanks."

"Let us see how the villain will relish the girl's thanks," sneered Hofa.

At a nod from him two men went into the big building. They returned, one carrying a small but poisonous snake in such a grasp that the reptile could not strike.

The snake was placed upon the ground, not far from the bare legs of the captive at the stake.

The other man who came from the building had come provided with a forked stick.

With this he pinned the snake's body to the ground.

"Now, tease the reptile, and then let it spring!" ordered Hofa.

From the intended victim of the poisonous snake came a low groan of anguish.

The snake, teased, hissed with rage, rearing its head as much as it could and making frantic efforts to strike at the bare legs of the captive at the stake.

These legs were the nearest human flesh to the reptile.

"Tease the snake well, and then let him loose!" laughed Hofa, roughly.

"Going to get into this?" whispered Brad.

"Yes!" throbbed Dick. "Watch! Be ready!"

"I'm ready!"

In the new turn of events no one was paying much heed to the two American boys.



Now, in confining them in the stone cage one strange thing had happened. No effort had been made to deprive them of their loaded revolvers.

Plainly enough, firearms were unknown to the present dwellers of the Crater of Gold.

Dick's hand even now rested on the butt of his revolver.

If any one noticed the fact, no heed was paid.

The snake, rising and rearing under its torment, struck and almost reached the bare legs of the victim at the stake.

There was a sudden flash of steel, another flash of fire, a sharp report, and Dick Hope held a smoking tube in his hand, while the snake was suddenly headless.

In an instant there was a breathless daze over the assemblage.

Hofa was the first to recover from the intense surprise.

"What—how was it done?" he gasped.

Dick Hope wheeled, pointing the revolver squarely at Hofa's heavy frame.

"It is as easy to destroy one kind of snake as another!" warned the boy, sternly. "Hofa, I do not seek to destroy you, but your power itself is gone forever!"

Uttering a cry of joyous amazement, Mira threw herself forward.

"Do not slay him!" she cried. "But let the people cast the bullying brute forth to work for his own food!"

"Back, you silly girl!" jeered Hofa. "Do you think this fair-faced boy can overthrow our people?"

"I can overthrow you, might quick," taunted Dick. "I don't want to hurt you, Hofa, but if you act in an ugly fashion you'll get every item that's due you."

"The lightning!" quivered some of the people, and Dick, hearing a few of them speak in awed voices, smiled grimly.

"Now, Mira, call your friends together," appealed Dick. "This time let them be not afraid. You and your friends shall rule, Mira, for Hofa is now as harmless as that other snake over yonder."

"You mock me too much!" bellowed Hofa, taking a striding step forward.

"Back, you fool!" cautioned Dick, sternly.

But Hofa, seizing a gold-incrusted war club from one of his followers, and uttering a roar like that of an angered bull, leaped forward to crush our hero's head in.

Crack! That report, accompanied by a bright flash of fire, caused Hofa to lurch and stagger.

None of his frightened followers daring to dart forward to his aid, he was compelled to rest his club on the ground, cane-fashion, and rest on it, while blood dripped from a hole in his left shoulder.

"Now, Mira, call your friends!" roared Dick Hope. "Now they can see how powerless Hofa is!"

But the bully, though stricken, had not lost his grit—nor his faith in himself.

"Hofa's friends this way!" he roared in his turn. "Let none hesitate. Those who would not know Hofa's hate, leap forward quickly to stand by him!"

The old dread was still powerful.

Scores of sheep-like men moved forward, as to the bell-wether.

They threw themselves before the stricken bully.

Dick Hope, even had he wanted to, could not have fired again at Hofa, shielded as he was by a human bulwark.

"Mira, have you no friends who will rally to you?" cried Dick, in a tone intended for the crowd rather than for the girl.

"I do not ask for friends of mine!" rang the girl's clear, steady voice. "All I ask is that friends of the right step forward to show themselves to the messengers who have fallen from the heavens to set our people free from the rule of brutes! Come forward, now, all who would be men!"

There was hesitation—an evident balancing of chances.

Then nearly a score of men ran swiftly over back of Dick Hope and his chum.

Then on the air there came a new sound—the wailing of women here and there.

Some of the wives of men who had espoused Dick's cause dread lest their husbands had done a fatally foolish thing.

Here and there a woman who sympathized with Mira and her lover secretly urged her husband to leave Hofa.

Other women coaxed Hofa to allow them to bind up his wound, which was drenching his robe in blood.

"Where are those fellows going?" whispered Brad, nodding in the direction of a score of Hofa's men who were running over to the village of houses under the shadow of one of the frowning cliffs.

"They're after weapons, aren't they?" Dick asked Mira.

"It must be even so."

"Then our men must get weapons, too."

But a yell from the village showed how hopeless this would be.

All of the weapons were kept in the building of the village.

Now Hofa's men appeared, ready to do battle.

"We can't have that," gritted Dick. "Mira, ask your followers to stick close to me. We're going to take that village! Tell them to yell like fiends, and—come on!"

At the head of their uncertain little host Dick and Brad charged down upon the village.

"Out of the way, all of you who do not seek instant destruction!" bellowed Hope, brandishing his revolver. "Drop those weapons, too!"

Some of the more timid fled, dropping clubs, spears, bows and arrows, and a few knives whetted out of flint.

But others, almost staggering under loads of arms, glared uncertainly at the American boys and their slim following.

But Dick did not halt in his run, nor allow himself to show the least fear, until he was within two hundred feet of the nearest of Hofa's armed men.

"I don't want to kill you fellows," he hailed, leveling his revolver and taking aim at them. "But you've got to drop those weapons and get out—or you'll have a chance at once to explore the next world. All who want to stay in



this world and go on enjoying life, drop your weapons and hold your hands up high."

There was hesitation, almost a stampede, among nearly a score of men.

But one among their number shouted something to them.

At the same time, with a growling yell, several score more of Hofa's followers charged up.

That settled it. The men with arms broke and fled towards the reinforcements.

"Shall I shoot?" asked Brad, in English.

"Better not," Dick advised. "We can't waste cartridges."

But the village was now clear of Hofa's supporters.

These, now fairly well armed, formed in a half-circle around the village, yelling and executing a war dance.

"You men rush in and get what weapons you can find. Get the best," Dick ordered. "Have no fear of the enemy. We will take care of them."

He and Brad now stood covering the village by holding Hofa's men at bay.

That bully of a leader, having had his arm and shoulder bandaged, now came slowly onward, leaning on one of his strongest men.

"Our men have their weapons," Mira reported to Dick.

"It's time for us to get out, then," muttered the boy.

"Hadn't we better stay and hold the village?" objected Brad.

"My dear fellow," retorted Dick, "you're not talking sense. How could we hold such a place as large as the village?"

"What, then, can we do?" Brad demanded, almost dispiritedly.

Mira's anxious eyes were asking the same question.

## CHAPTER V.

### DICK FOUNDS A THRONE.

"We've got to get out in the open, where we can watch the enemy," Hope announced.

"And where they can get at us more easily," retorted Brad.

"We have more to fear if we are to watch such a big place as the village. Out in the open, with a fort——"

"Oh, a fort!" echoed Brad.

Dick called the girl to him with a gesture.

"Mira, this fight, unless we are defeated sooner, may last for weeks."

"I have thought of that," the girl replied.

"With so few in numbers we cannot attempt to hold the village."

"I understand that."

"But, Mira, we cannot dare to get away from food."

"No, for hunger is the worst foe of all."

"Are there any food supplies outside the village? Any gardens, for instance?"

"Oh, yes," cried Mira, brightening.

"And are those gardens growing food that we can use at once?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Do not point or look in the direction of the garden, but tell me where it lies, so that I can look for myself."

"Look at Hofa's men. They are getting ready to jump us!" cried Brad, in an excited undertone.

"If they jump they'll come down again," uttered Dick, grimly. "Watch your chance and shoot to kill the first one who gets within range. I am planning a new move with Mira. Now, Mira, tell me where I may look for the garden."

"It is off to your left, about half a mile from here," replied the girl. "When you look you will see a clump of five palm trees close together. There is where the garden lies."

"And there is food enough growing there?"

"Oh, a great plenty!"

"And there are springs? Water?"

"Water, too, is there."

Dick looked and saw the spot. It could be reached over the level plain by a swift dash.

Then he asked Brad to look.

"We are going to make that place," he whispered to his chum.

"We are going to start, you mean," hinted his friend.

"We are going to get there," Dick retorted, firmly. "If we don't, we'll have to part with life on the way."

Then, turning to the girl, he rattled on:

"Mira, lead your men straight for the palms. Tell them, so that they will understand. Then make the rush quickly. Tell the men that they have nothing to fear—that we will protect them. But make them travel with all speed. Tell them first, then start them like the whirlwind. You yourself will go with them."

Dick, with his eyes on the war dancers of Hofa's little host, listened while Mira explained to her few followers.

"We are all ready, my lord," she murmured.

"Then start, and go like the whirlwind! Keep to the left of Hofa's crew. Never mind what we do. Go! Speed!"

Silently Mira and her score of armed followers started on the dead run.

As they did so, Hofa's followers, with a yell, raced after them.

"Get in between the two crowds, Brad!" quivered our hero. "It's a bluff, but if we can't stop them it's all up with us."

Brad kept close to his friend and leader as the latter ran to station himself where he could meet Hofa's oncoming warriors.

"If any man gets near enough, shoot to kill," Dick panted. "But don't fire recklessly. Remember how few cartridges we have."

Dick wheeled, panting, and faced a line of fifty armed men running toward him.

"Back there, those who want to live!" he yelled.

But their own cries drowned out his voice.

One big fellow was leading all the host.

Dick hated to do it, but he raised his revolver, sighted swiftly and fired.



Two or three paces the big fellow staggered, then fell dead.

In an instant there was a hush.

"Take a lesson, you fellows," bellowed Dick, as the pursuers halted. "If you don't keep out of our way the last of you must be killed as this man has been!"

Half a dozen of the warriors gathered around the dead man, kneeling or bending over the lifeless body.

The whole line had been halted, irregularly, by the shot and its result.

For an instant Dick glanced over his shoulder.

Mira was leading her running men still in good order.

"We're going to make that garden spot, all right," quavered Dick, "if those rascals don't take new heart and rush us, anyway."

"I don't think they will," Brad uttered, grimly. "Hear that!"

Hofa's forces had men and children with them.

Some of the women, including the dead man's widow, were now kneeling about the lifeless body.

Their wails rent the air.

"Good!" cheered Dick, drily, grimly. "Keep up that howling. It will take all the heart out of your men-folks!"

"Our people are most there," Brad advised him. "Shall we begin to make good our own retreat?"

"Yes, while the panic lasts, for there comes Hofa hobbling forward. He's not easily scared, and he'll put new heart into his followers."

So the boys turned and ran.

Looking back over their shoulders, they saw several warriors start after them, urged on by Hofa.

Dick halted, wheeling swiftly.

His revolver was up and level, in steady aim.

"Oh, stay back!" he shouted. "We don't want to kill any more of you! Let Hofa do all his own fighting. If you come after us you are bound to die!"

These warriors halted, nor could Hofa, though he hurried forward, coax them to go further in pursuit.

Plainly these warriors had enough, for a while, at least, of weapons that killed so mysteriously and at a range longer than their bows could be made to drive arrows.

So Dick and Brad turned once more, racing after their supporters, who had halted under the palm trees.

"Keep your eye on the enemy, Brad," Dick ordered. "I've got a bit of speech to make."

Dick eyed the little group of men who stood looking at him so curiously.

These men were of two kinds. At least, they were in two different frames of mind now.

The larger half had hard, white, set faces.

They had cast the die against Hofa's tyranny and cruelty. They hardly cared, now, what might happen, but were ready to fight to the last gasp—against the kinds of weapons that they knew and understood.

A few, now that they had taken the headlong plunge, began to fear that they had done unwisely in going against the majority of their people.

It was to these last that Dick addressed himself first.

"Men, he spoke, cheerily and bravely, "fear nothing, for now nothing can harm you. Already you have seen that where we are harm cannot stalk in. You will come to harm only if you waver in your faith to the new cause."

"Now, of course you are all tired of Hofa's brutal rule. Who that are men would not be tired of it? By to-morrow, if not sooner, you shall see that many who are now with Hofa will desert him and come over to us. Those who come to us the last will not be received."

"Now that we have formed a new tribe, or a new people, it is necessary that we should have a government to look after our affairs. In a government the first thing is the choice of a ruler."

Dick paused, looking at the men before him.

They were listening. Our hero saw that they expected him to propose himself as the new ruler.

"My friends," Hope went on, more softly, "we have had enough of the rule of beasts. I propose that now, for a ruler, you take one whom you all know to be gentle and kind. I propose that you hail Mira as your ruler."

At that there were many blank looks.

Plainly these people had never before been ruled by a woman.

"No, no!" cried the girl, kneeling gently at Dick's side. "We must have a man for a ruler—a man brave and strong. My lord, I hail you as our ruler."

"Yes, yes! The young white man! The stranger, who slays with the lightning!" shouted several of the men in approval.

But Dick shook his head.

"I thank you all, but you do not judge wisely," he replied. "My friend and I will lead you in battle, but some one else must rule you. Again I propose that Mira be your princess and rule you. She will give you gentle and wise laws. You will be so much more happy than are those who now flock around Hofa that, in a few days at the most, they will all come over to us. Men, I urge you to try Mira as your princess and ruler. If you are not pleased with her, she will cheerfully step down and make place for a new ruler. I urge Mira to you!"

The girl stood mute and astonished before Dick's almost fiery words.

But the men, looking in his face, read his will in the matter.

How could they choose but to obey, since he was the real ruler, the leader, without whom they would be quickly destroyed by the tyrant Hofa.

"Mira for our princess! So be it!" they agreed loudly.

Then each of the men passed in turn before the astonished girl, bending the knee before her as they had been used to do before Hofa.

"But how shall I rule?" cried the girl.

"Out of your heart," Dick answered. "Be just and kind to all, and all will be pleased."

Dick himself bent one knee before her, Brad following suit.



"It doesn't seem American-like," grunted Thompson.

"And it isn't," Dick agreed. "But it sets the example. We've got to put a lot of heart into these men. Somehow, we've got to hold out until we get enough more to join us."

Then, in the quaint old Spanish that these people spoke, Hope asked:

"Princess Mira, I would have these men set about for their defense. May I lead them for that purpose?"

Smiling, the girl nodded.

"Brad," went on our hero, "keep your eyes on the other crowd over yonder. I'm going to get the fort started in a jiffy."

Taking a spear from one of the men, Dick traced a square on the ground. It was something like a hundred feet on a side.

A few odd implements, like spades, had been brought along with the weapons.

Dick speedily had these men at work digging. They toiled like beavers until dark came down.

In the meantime two women who had followed the men busied themselves in the great garden near by.

These gathered food enough to last for a few days.

In large gourds they also brought water.

When dark came down the fort had walls a trifle more than six feet in height.

"To-morrow we'll make this old earthen fort bigger and stronger," sighed Dick. "Heaven grant we can hold it through the night."

Night came on, dark and cloudy.

"Just the night for trickery," Dick pronounced. "Brad, you and I can't dare to sleep at the same time."

The supper disposed of, Dick posted half his small force as guards.

Four of these men walked the tops of the walls of the dirt fort.

The other men stole off in the darkness to act as scouts and pickets.

After that Mira and her two women lay down on the ground at one end of the rude fort, while the men not on guard slept at the other end.

Up on the wall, on the side nearest the village, stood Dick Hope and Brad. For their scouts had brought in word that Hofa's men were moving nearer to the fort in the darkness.

"I reckon eternal watchfulness will be the price of breakfast in the morning," grumbled Brad.

"Breakfast?" smiled Dick, steadily. "That's a long way off. Our little kingdom may be destroyed before that."

## CHAPTER VI.

### HOFA INVENTS AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

"So that's what they've been up to?" demanded Dick Hope.

Daylight had just come, after a night of nervous watchfulness.

Through the dark hours Hofa's forces had not attempted to rush the little fort.

Yet neither boy had been prepared to believe that the unseen enemy were idling their time.

And now our young friends stood staring at the enemy's work of the night.

This consisted of a platform, on which had been rigged and bent the trunk of a young tree some fourteen feet in length.

This device stood at least twice the range of the revolvers that the young men carried.

"What on earth is that thing for?" demanded Brad, staring first at the bent tree and then at the silent warriors of Hofa gathered near it.

"Can't you guess?" smiled Dick.

"I'm blessed if I can."

"Probably, then, the enemy won't keep you long in doubt," guessed Hope.

For some five minutes the enemy waited in silence.

In the meantime Mira's score of subjects stood on the walls, watching in half-comprehending silence.

"There! They're getting ready," Hope announced, as two of Hofa's men were seen going toward the platform.

On their shoulders they bore a shaft some nine feet in length.

This they lay across the bent tree.

There two men seized the further end of the shaft together and began to draw it back.

"Jupiter!" blazed Brad. "That's a giant bow."

"Just that," clicked Hope.

"Can they shoot it straight?"

"That's what both they and we are consumed with anxiety to know," laughed Dick, grimly.

Twang! The sharp song of the released bowstring of Hofa's infernal machine reached the few defenders of the fort's walls.

The huge arrow sailed gracefully up into the air, then fell swiftly, sticking quivering into the ground some thirty feet short of the fort.

"That's not bad for a first attempt," grunted Dick, with the first uneasiness that he had shown. "They've got something now that'll shoot further than we can."

Twang! The second great arrow passed clean over the fort, at a height of about eight feet above the walls.

It left a trail of whizzing sound behind it that gave an idea of its speed and of the force behind the great missile.

"I hope they don't get our range," Dick whispered anxiously.

"If they do?"

"I'm afraid they've got us a bit on the hip."

Twang! The third arrow described a graceful, unerring arch, coming down inside the walls.

"Look out!" roared Dick.

All started watchfully at his word—all except Mira's idiot father.

He stared stupidly at the descending shaft.

With a cry, Mira sprang forward, but too late.

The massive, heavy arrow struck the poor old man on the head.



He fell, unrecognizable.

"Oh, the cowards! The scoundrels!" moaned Mira, and fell almost in a faint.

"Watch out, Brad!" and Dick leaped down inside the fort.

"Courage, Mirá!" he whispered, resting a hand on her shoulder. "You are our ruler now. You have no time to think of your own griefs. Besides, death is not the worst fate that can come to the feeble-minded. And he never had an instant in which to know what happened to him. Be brave, girl! Rise and look after your people! Come to the wall—now! I go at once to avenge you!"

By his very personality Dick overbore enough on the girl to take her out of herself and away from her grief.

He led her, as one dazed, up to the top of the wall, signing to the two women to cover the body of Mira's father.

Just as they reached the top of the wall Brad ground out:

"Old fellow, they've set fire to an arrow, and they're preparing to drive it this way."

Twang! On came the blazing missile.

It appeared to be as well aimed as the last arrow.

Leaving a trail of glowing sparks behind it, the great blazing arrow arched through the air.

"Watch out—all!" roared Dick. "You, down below, get close to the wall!"

There was no time to say more.

The great blazing arrow dropped just inside the enclosure.

On the watch, those below dodged it.

But the arrow's blazing head struck the ground with a heavy thud, sending out a shower of fiery sparks in all directions.

Some of the sparks dropped on the robe of one of the women.

In an instant the garment was afire.

Her companion snatched the garment away and quickly covered her friend with some of her own raiment.

"This game shows our finish," Brad uttered, discouragedly.

"How so?" Dick asked, swiftly.

"Why, maybe we could do a bit of expert dodging against one arrow at a time. But Hofa finds his invention working so well that he'll set his crew at work making a half dozen more. Then, with arrows dropping in here all the time, what earthly show will we have?"

This was true enough.

"What does he say?" softly queried Mira, watching Brad's lips, but unable to understand the English words.

"He and I are talking over a plan for silencing that great bow," Dick replied.

"Too late," moaned Mira, casting a shuddering glance below at the covered body of her parent.

"Think not only of your father, Mira, but of your people," Dick urged her. "Remember, a ruler cannot think of self alone."

Then to Brad:

"If I can, I'm going to discourage the enemy from working that great bow any longer."

"Good! Great! But how will you do it?"

"I'm going to try to get within pistol range."

"Then they'll pick you off with smaller bows."

"The revolver will carry further than any of their small weapons."

"But you'll have to charge on them," contended the puzzled Brad.

"That's just what I mean to do."

"You and I alone? Or shall we take some of our men with us?"

"I'm going alone."

Brad stared in sheer, almost disgusted amazement.

"What are you talking about, old fellow?"

"I'm going alone, Brad," Hope continued, quietly. "We can't risk both you and me being lost. If I go under you'll have to hold the fort and do the best you can for Mira. Stand by her with your life, old fellow."

"But don't go alone," pleaded Brad.

"I must."

"It's madness! Plumb crazy!"

"If I don't stop the use of that great bow," quavered Dick, "then they'll do just what you say. They'll build more and overwhelm us."

Twang!

"Look out!"

This time the arrow struck the ground just in front of the fort.

"I can't lose any more time," cried Dick, leaping down to the ground outside. "Remember what you're there for."

Waving his hand to Mira, he shouted to Brad:

"Make her get down inside the fort, old fellow. We can't have her killed."

Then, with his face to the enemy, Dick raced blindly on, clutching at his revolver.

"They see me coming," he grinned. "They're making ready for me."

Hofa's men were fitting another massive arrow to the bow, and this time they were depressing the shaft so as to try to "get" the running young American.

Twang! With a chuckle Dick dodged, running to one side as the arrow left the giant bow.

"I'll be in range soon," he muttered, raising his revolver so as to have it ready.

Then he laughed aloud as he saw several men jump off the platform.

"They don't want to stand in front of this gun when it goes off!" he chuckled. "They know what a revolver means by this time."

In silence, mostly, the hosts of Hofa watched the approach of one young enemy.

But Dick, with his eyes on them, did not scan the ground as he should have done.

Suddenly he pitched, tripping in a trench that had been cut in the ground.



As he fell, a man, hitherto hidden, leaped up close at hand and sprang at the boy.

From the wall of the fort came Brad Thompson's alarmed yell.

Dick tried to leap to his feet, but just too late.

That nearest enemy landed on the boy, just between his shoulder blades.

Two more bounded at Dick Hope, helping to hold him, while still another of Hofa's men snatched away his pistol.

"Great Scott!" panted Dick. "This is a disher! Now what'll happen to Brad and Mira?"

## CHAPTER VII.

### A PRISONER IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

From the wall of the fort came a ringing shout.

"Fight, Dick! Fight like a fiend! We're coming!"

It was Brad's tone, full of ginger and snap.

Dick heard, and he tried to fight, but it was hopeless.

One of his assailants instantly struck him a blow with a club.

Almost knocked out, Dick was snatched up and carried at a swift trot.

Hofa's waiting men now moved forward in battle array.

Through their line dashed Dick's captors and the warrior who held his revolver.

Out beyond Brad was brought to a sudden stop.

He had with him some ten men, having left the others behind to guard Mira and her women.

A single false step now meant the collapse of this revolt against Hofa.

"I've just got to play the cautious!" groaned Brad, halting and staring ahead.

His handful of men, seeing fifty or sixty of the enemy coming toward them, began to show signs of weak nerve.

"If you fellows try to scoot from me," warned Brad, "I'll kill the last one of you."

He backed away from his own followers, watching them and holding the revolver as if he meant to use it speedily.

That stayed the panic.

But nothing could still the panic that reigned in Thompson's heart as he saw his chum borne past that platform.

There on the ground, on some rugs, sat Hofa, his left shoulder still bound in blood-saturated cloths.

Yet the bully, thanks to his splendid physique, did not appear to be suffering as much as most men would have been.

"You have brought one of the ground-hogs, have you?" he laughed hoarsely, as the warriors came up with their captive.

"And his mysterious weapon, my lord," replied the fellow who bore the revolver.

"Handle it with care!" cried Hofa. "Here, give it to me—gently. Now, one of you help me to rise."

Dick, weak and dizzy, was placed on his feet, held on either side.

Hofa received the revolver and looked at it curiously. He held it in his uninjured right hand.

The trigger caught his notice.

Curiously, he pressed upon it.

He watched as the double-action hammer slowly rose.

Then, at full cock, it slipped the spring.

Bang! Hofa must have jumped two feet, despite his late weakness.

Yet he held on to the smoking revolver.

"Oho!" he cried, gleefully. "I, too, can play at magic now. I understand how this weapon is used."

He pointed the revolver at the ground some distance away, pressing the trigger.

There was another report, the bullet throwing up the dirt.

"Why, it is a very simple tool," he chuckled. "Any one can work the magic who has such a tool."

Deliberately he fired a third shot at the dirt of the plain.

Then, a smile of cunning spreading over his features, he wheeled upon our hero.

"And now, little ground-hog, I can pay back the debt that you forced upon me yesterday!"

He raised the revolver, aiming clumsily, yet the muzzle was in line with Hope's heart.

"Now we shall see what is to happen to you!" he chuckled.

Dick smiled in contempt.

"Try it," he dared.

"I shall!" grinned Hofa, wickedly.

He pressed the trigger.

Click! That was all.

With a cry of anger and disgust, the big fellow turned the muzzle toward his eyes, staring at this most perplexing weapon.

"The magic will not work for you," jeered Dick.

Hofa stared at him angrily.

"Ground-hog, what ails your toy?"

Dick knew, but he wasn't going to tell. Unwilling to take the risk of capture or defeat, with valuable cartridges upon him, he had left but three in his revolver, pressing the rest into Brad's pocket before leaping down from the fort.

"You are a poor magician, who bragged too soon," jeered the boy.

With a cry of rage, Hofa tossed the pistol away from him.

One of the warriors picked it up.

"At least," leered the big fellow, "I am magician enough to have you for my sport. Later in the day I shall amuse myself with you. But for now I must go out to see what my men are doing with the other ground-hog! You," to Dick's captors, "drag this fellow back and bind him well until I have time to see him tormented."

With that, leaning upon one of his men, Hofa moved around the platform to go forward.

Dick was now a captive between but two men, one of whom carried his revolver.

The chance was too tempting.

Kick! That blow with his booted foot broke the shin of one man.



Dick bounded at the other, bearing him to the earth and snatching his revolver away.

Bump! That was given on the fellow's head with the butt of the revolver.

Then, before any other eye was upon our hero he was sprinting for all he was worth.

Down behind the enemy's line he darted.

He had gone past the end of it ere any one heard the cries of the fellow with the broken leg.

Brad saw his chum, but was not foolish enough to call to him.

Instead, Brad fired, coming so close to one man's head that the fellow fell in his tracks, almost persuaded that he was dead.

At that, Hofa cried angrily to his fighting men to leap forward and finish the impudent boy.

Two or three men started. Brad dropped them in their tracks.

Now, some of Hofa's men, turning to run, saw sprinting Dick.

Partly in terror, partly in rage, they set up a yell, then dashed in pursuit of young Hope.

But Dick, with his good start, rounded the end of Hofa's battle line, now heading straight for Brad, who was running to meet him.

Two more men Brad shot severely enough to put them out of business for the time being.

More afraid of the mystery of these weapons than of death itself, the warriors fell back.

The two boys reached each other pantingly, their outstretched hands clasping for an instant.

Brad's half-score of warriors had followed him, afraid to be caught away from him.

"Give me some cartridges, quick, old fellow!" Dick begged.

Both loading rapidly, they looked up to watch the enemy. Then each looked at the other.

"Dare we do it?" quivered Brad.

"We've got to," said Dick, desperately, simply.

"Shall we take these fellows with us?"

"Yes. Get them used to following us and believing that no harm can come to them."

"That depends on what happens," grimaced Brad. "If they get hit by the enemy's smaller arrows, they'll have no more faith in us."

"The case is desperate. We've got to take that chance. Now, then! Yell like a cyclone!"

Opening their mouths and their lungs in the same instant, the two boys charged forward, driving their half-score of warriors with them.

As soon as they were fairly within range of Hofa's slowly retreating warriors, the boys opened fire.

In their haste, they made three misses, but in the end they dropped four of the warriors.

That settled it for the time being. The enemy broke into frightened rout.

But Hofa, at their rear, still bawled hoarsely at them.

By the time that Dick and Brad reached the platform a shower of small arrows began to fall around them. And an arrow is as bad as a bullet, if it strikes.

"Keep 'em busy, Brad! Shoot every time an enemy gets near enough."

That worked fairly well, as the revolver carried further than any of the enemy's bows.

Dick, in the meantime, glanced swiftly about.

He spotted the vessel of pitch, with which the blazing arrows were coated.

With a chuckle, he pounced upon this, dumping the pitch over the platform.

"Only keep 'em off for two or three minutes, Brad!" he begged.

This pitch was so full of some inflammable native oil that a match was enough to start a smudge.

Fanning this wildly with his hat, Hope saw the blaze come up.

Crack! crack! crack! rang Brad's revolver, but only one of the natives fell this time.

"They're getting over the rattles," muttered Thompson.

"They'll rush us in another minute."

"A minute's all we want now, Brad," chuckled Dick. "Do you hear the timbers beginning to crackle?"

"Yep!"

"Jump!"

Down to either side of the platform leaped the boys, aiming with their pistols.

A shot from each of them drove the more adventurous of the enemy back.

So Dick stood watching, while the crackling of the burning platform became brisker.

Now the smoke and the flames were drifting upward, merrily.

"They can't put that blaze out, Brad," called our hero. "Ready—and back!"

Their own half-score of men were waiting for them, and glad enough of the signal to retreat.

That retreat was managed at a sprint.

Hofa's men did not pursue far, nor with much heart.

In fact, Hofa's men were beginning to think and to take account of stock.

So far they had had two men killed and several hurt.

Dick, on the other hand, so far as they knew, had lost no one.

If the fight kept up, at this odds, much longer, Hofa's host would be wiped out.

Sullenly the men halted around their blazing platform, which none of them attempted to save.

Hofa, again hobbling up, resting on one of his followers, cried out to them angrily, only to be answered with murmurs.

"Are you children, then?" raged their chieftain. "Or babies? When did you ever fear death so much before?"

"But these strangers have strange ways of fighting," replied one of Hofa's warriors.



The chief realized that the time had come to make his men ashamed of themselves.

"Can the strangers do more, at the most, than kill?" he demanded, haughtily. "Have you never seen men killed before. Their weapons are different, and make a noise. But if you charge them once and fear not death few of you will die and the rest will find the enemy dispersed forever."

Looking keenly at his men, who, to do them justice, did not fear weapons that they understood, Hofa saw that, with clever handling, he might yet have his fighting men in a mood in which he could lead them to a victory to be bought with but a few lives.

"You are tired," wound up their chief, in a more gracious tone. "Good! We will rest a few hours. Then we shall move forward and put an end forever to this rebellion against my rule. Rest and prepare!"

Dick and Brad, in the meantime, had regained the fort without loss.

"You have seen, my few soldiers," our hero cried, smilingly, "that they who follow me cannot come to harm. Now you will always fight without fear."

"Always!" promised the men.

"Who would not follow you, my lord?" asked Mira, eagerly.

But Dick, if he deceived the natives into a sense of false security, deceived neither himself nor his chum.

"The real thing is yet to come!" Hope confided to Brad Thompson.

"It'll come, too!" sighed Brad.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DICK SEES A GHOST.

"Things can happen in two days, eh?" laughed Dick Hope, contentedly.

It was just forty-eight hours later, and our hero and his chum stood looking over the grouped people on the plain.

Certainly, much had happened!

Late in the afternoon, two days before, Hofa, carried on the shoulders of two of his fighting men, had succeeded in getting the courage of his followers to the moving pitch.

They had started forward, in good battle array.

Suddenly Dick and Brad had leaped down from the wall of the fort, sprinting madly toward the oncoming battle-line.

It was bluff, sheer and desperate.

Yet it worked. Hofa's men, halting in disorder, asked themselves and each other what this new, daring move could mean.

They were impressed with the confidence of the boys. Surely these youths who advanced at such speed, and with such absence of fear, must know some wonderful trick of battle to back up their action.

Then the young sprinters raised their revolvers as if to fire.

That was enough. Despite Hofa's hoarse entreaties, appeals, threats, his warriors turned and ran pell-mell back.

For some distance Dick and Brad pursued, then gave up the chase.

That same night a score of Hofa's men deserted to Mira, some of them bringing their women and children with them.

After that the desertions became numerous.

And now Mira found herself acknowledged ruler of considerably more than half of these people dwelling in the basin of the crater.

Now, Dick, after advising with Mira, had called these people together on the plain.

"I have talked with your princess," he called out, loudly. "She has wisely decided that it is time for her people to go back to their homes. So we shall move upon the village, drive the enemy away, if necessary, and take possession of the homes that you lately left."

"When do we start?" called a gray-haired old man.

"Now, at once; our battle-line going ahead," Dick replied.

"That is good," grunted the old man. "I shall have my evening meal on my own doorstep. We shall seem to be living again."

"Brad, you look after the civilian mob, will you?" requested Dick. "I want to lead the fighting line, for Hofa may work his men up to the fighting pitch. He's a real fighter, when he gets a chance."

"He'd be a fool to tackle us now," grunted Brad. "We have got a bigger force than he has."

"But count something for the kind of leader he is," Dick urged. "And the news that we get now is that his shoulder is healing. That man is capable of putting up a good fight with an inferior force."

Then Dick hurried away to form his fighting line.

There were, all told, some eighty fighting men in the crater.

Of these nearly fifty now followed Princess Mira, or claimed to.

Twenty men, armed with bows, arrows and spears, our hero formed into the first skirmish line, which he planned to lead himself.

The other thirty were to follow, a hundred and fifty yards behind.

Brad, at the head of the women and children, and at the rear of these reserves, would be able to rush the latter in either direction that they might be needed in a fight.

If it was an anxious, it was also a joyous procession that Dick Hope led when the march began.

They were going back to their homes!

"And what a lonely home the Hope home must be in these days," gulped down Dick, as he thought of his mother and of his still missing father. "Gracious, but I've got to get out of this crater as soon as I can, and go in search of dad. And Mira! I can't leave that girl now! Will she go with me out into the world, away from these, her own people? And the gold—all the gold that lies around here, not appreciated! Can I find any honest way to carry a stack of that away with me?"



Thus love, hope and ambition surged in Dick's breast while these people thought he was leading them back to their homes and nothing more.

During the last twenty-four hours Hofa's forces had fallen back upon the large government building and the village of dwellings.

Now, as Mira's little, loyal host moved forward over the plain, Hofa, now striding strongly on his own legs, marched his men out toward the invaders.

"They're going to give us a fight," guessed Dick.

But, for once, he was wrong.

Finding that their show of force did not halt Dick's little army, Hofa's men wheeled and marched swiftly to the right, out across the plain.

"They chuck it without a show-down," hailed Brad, in glee.

"It's better so," Dick called back.

Unopposed, Mira's little clan, or tribe, entered the village and took possession.

Dick immediately took eight or ten men and posted them around the village, ordering the others to keep themselves in readiness for the call to arms.

Then, with cries of joy, the people re-entered their homes.

Mira walked sadly toward the home that once had sheltered herself and her father.

But, on the way, another thought, or a recollection, rather, came to her.

Hastily, without going near either Dick or Brad, she gathered a dozen of her fighting men about her.

These she spoke to earnestly, for a few moments. Then, at her order, they hastened off beyond the village.

Dick saw them going, and was about to call to them.

"They are obeying a little order of mine," Mira called to him, mysteriously.

"When the princess commands, all must obey," Dick smiled to her.

But he wondered, nevertheless, what this move meant.

Also, as this move of Mira's weakened his fighting force, he redoubled his own watchfulness.

It was nearly two hours later that Mira's little band returned.

Dick and Brad, both being busy at the other end of the village, did not witness the return.

"Dick," murmured Mira, whispering in his ear the name he had taught her to use, "I have something to show you."

"Oh?" asked the boy, looking at her keenly. "Was that the meaning of the men that you sent away?"

"Yes. I have a surprise for you. One that may please you. -I hope it will."

"Anything that you do to please me is sure to have its effect," smiled the boy, happily.

Indeed, he was very happy.

For something in Mira's manner made him feel sure, at last, that, when he got ready to try to escape from this crater, she would not refuse to go with him.

He was thinking of that as he walked through the village street at her side.

As they turned in at the door of Mira's own home, she said:

"In all the excitement, Dick, and in our triumph, I came very near forgetting something."

"Yes?"

"For some weeks before you came Hofa had a captive—a stranger caught by some of his men. The stranger was very weak, and Hofa sent him out of the village to be cared for by others. Hofa, who is always a brute and a beast, believed that, in time, the stranger would be strong enough for the death by torment."

"The brute!" uttered Dick, disgustedly.

"I had just remembered the stranger, and sent for him," Mira went on. "As I remembered his face and manner, it occurred to me that he must be one of your own people, from the outside world that you have told me about. He is in here."

Mira threw open the door of a room.

Dick stepped in, full of curiosity.

Then, suddenly, ere Mira had gained the inside of the room, she heard Dick Hope stagger.

"Oh, Mira!" he cried, tremulously.

"One of your people, Dick?"

"One of my people? Yes! Mira! It's my dear old dad himself!"

As the girl stole into the room she saw the boy leap forward, winding his arms around a man, who stared at him rather vacantly.

It was Captain Jack Hope, beyond a doubt.

Dick couldn't be fooled about his own father!

"Don't you know me, dad? Dick?" demanded the boy, huskily, leaning back and peering into the face of that handsome man.

"Yes; it seems to me I ought to know you," replied the man, uncertainly.

"Why, of course you do, dad!" throbbed the boy. "I'm your son—Dick! Try to think! Try to remember!"

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE TRAITORS.

One of the things that ailed Captain Jack Hope, of the good old Forty-second, was lack of nourishment.

Hofa had found his prisoner weak and sick.

With all the cunning of the wicked, Hofa had kept his captive on just enough food to barely more than keep the soul in the body.

But now, under Mira's tenderest care, Captain Jack Hope was so thoroughly nourished in the next eight days that he rapidly filled out in flesh and brightened in mind.

By cautious degrees Dick told his father more about himself, and about the mother who was waiting so sadly.

Each day Captain Jack understood more and more.

He walked about with his son, who had never been so happy before.

"We're going to bring dad's mind through all right," our hero confided to Brad Thompson.

"Don't you think that getting away from here would



do it quicker than anything else?" Brad demanded, bluntly.

"Of course. And that's what I'm up to," young Hope responded, promptly. "In fact, I'm planning to go mighty quick."

"Are you planning to get any of this gold out with us?" Brad asked, in wistful eagerness.

"I am," Dick rejoined, so quickly and decisively that Brad's face brightened.

But then that youngster, who was wholly honest, suddenly asked:

"Dick, can we take the gold honestly, though? It isn't ours, of course."

"These people don't value it, beyond the pretty ornaments that it makes for them," Dick went on. "I think we can coax a lot of it away from them. And I've other plans, too."

"I've got to wait, eh?"

"Until I get my plans better settled in my own mind," smiled Dick.

"Oh, well," grunted Brad, "if you're going to get us out of this crater, and with a stock of the gold, too, I don't care much about the plan by which it's worked. But when will you have it thought out?"

"As soon as I've talked it over with some one else."

"Your father?"

"Brad, you're thick! You haven't had your eyes about you."

"Meaning Mira?"

"She's going to be about all the world to me," Dick replied, fervently.

"Then you've settled it with her to leave here with you?"

"No! And that's what's ailing me."

"Then go and have it out now!" cried practical Brad.

"Old fellow," queried Dick, anxiously, and taken back, now that he felt the time had really come, "what show do you think I've got to persuade that dear girl to leave her life behind to follow mine?"

"You really want to know?" quizzed Brad.

"It's the only subject I'm thinking about now!"

"Then go to headquarters! As Mira herself. She ought to be able to tell you!"

Dick looked thoughtfully into his chum's eyes.

"I believe I will get a brace, and dare the thing," muttered young Hope, huskily. "I've read about such things, but I never knew before how much real sand it takes to ask a girl such a simple question."

"The more you care, the more nerve it takes," laughed Thompson.

"You talk almost like a veteran, Brad!"

"Don't stand here joshing me," retorted his chum. "Go find the girl—and have it out in rag-time!"

Dick turned and walked rapidly away. After he had gone a dozen steps, he slowed down. But he kept on going ahead just the same.

At the door of her home he found Mira. She lived here with two women.

"I have come to have a few words with you, Mira," began the boy.

"Is that all, Dick?" laughed the girl.

"They are the words that mean the most to me, Mira."

"Oh!" But the girl understood and blushed, her eyes suddenly seeking the floor.

"Mira," the boy went on, desperately, "I must go away from here."

"If you can get out of the crater!"

"I feel that I can. In fact, I know that I can."

"How? By what path?"

"Well, in the first place, dad feels sure that he must have wandered down some gully hidden by the face of the cliff. He wandered down here somehow, after he escaped in the mountains from the Irrogotes, who had him as a prisoner. If he wandered down here in his delirium, there must be the same path by which one can wander up."

"How did you get here?" asked the girl.

"Through that tunnel out of which we leaped at the time that Hofa tried to beat you."

"This is the first time that you have tried to deceive me," cried Mira, in a voice that sounded as of pain, as she drew back, looking into his eyes.

"Why do you say that I have deceived you, dear girl?"

"Because no one can come through that tunnel!"

"And why not?"

"Because of that abyss from which the sulphur pours up from the infernal regions below the earth!" uttered the girl, in all sincerity.

"But we came from the other side of that abyss, Mira."

"Do not tell me such a falsehood, Dick!" pleaded the girl. "No one can pass through the sulphur clouds. Beyond that sulphur dwell only evil spirits. It is death to pass through the sulphur cloud. So our people have never been beyond."

"Yet, surely, they have some way out of this crater?"

"I have never heard of it," Mira replied, simply. "If there is such a way, it is a secret with the few."

"But I told you the truth, Mira, when I said that Brad and I came over the abyss. If there is no other way out of this crater, then we must go that way."

"You will be destroyed," shuddered the girl.

"Don't you believe that, Mira!"

"It is awful, even to think of it!" cried the girl, piteously.

"Mira, have you any cause to be afraid, where I am?" asked Dick, softly. "Have I ever failed to protect you and to bring you safely through? Do you fear to trust me?"

"Trust you?" she cried, wonderingly.

"Surely, Mira, you have guessed that I am going to ask you to leave the crater with me?"

He looked at her earnestly, anxiously.

"I have supposed, Dick," she replied, gently, "that I was to go, or stay, as you did."

"And you will go with me?"

"I have not thought of doing any different," she an-



swered, so honestly that Dick caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"We shall try to go to-night, Mira."

"It makes no difference when," she answered, simply.

After he had gotten his breath from this sudden happiness, Dick asked, seriously:

"Mira, do you think we can take any of the gold with us?"

"Why not?"

"Well, it doesn't belong to us."

"There is plenty that is mine, or that my father owned, or that friends will give me," replied the girl, holding up one of her rounded arms on which gleamed two heavy gold bracelets. "Surely, though, we will not care to take much."

"All that fifteen or twenty men can carry for us," replied Dick, promptly.

"Why do we want so much?" questioned the girl, wonderingly. "Surely, in the new life in the outer world, we can never wear so much."

"Mira, in that outer, great world, men coin gold into money."

"Money?"

Dick had to explain, then and there, as best he could, the uses to which money is put.

"With enough money, Mira, our comfort will be assured through all the years to come."

"Surely, we shall need little to wear, and that we can weave. Little to eat, and that we can raise in a garden, with little toil."

Dick gulped down over the hopelessness of making this girl understand what she would very soon realize once she got into the outer world.

"But can we get as much gold together as I have mentioned, Mira? And can we do it honestly?"

"Why, there is so much of it here, why not?" asked the girl. "Our people prize it only because it is pretty, and we have so much of it that our people mine very little gold in these days."

"Let us see, then," proposed Hope, "how much we can get together. But it must be done without arousing suspicion."

"I will see," suggested Mira, "how much my people will offer me."

"And, Mira, if you are going to leave these people, you must leave them some ruler in your place. Some man who is good and true, and who will rule nobly. Is not Fenda such a man?"

"Yes; even so."

"And would he not like to rule as prince over these people?"

"I am certain that he would."

"Has he much gold to spare?"

Mira looked at her lover, wonderingly, but she answered:

"In Fenda's house there is more gold than a few men could carry."

"How much of it would he give to become prince over these people?"

"Why, all of it, of course, since he could easily obtain more."

"Ask Fenda to come to me."

Fenda and Dick had a long and earnest talk.

From that talk Dick speedily learned how he could amass all the gold that he craved.

"Fenda," announced Dick, "Princess Mira desires me to announce to you, then, that she considers it time for a man to be chosen ruler here. After a banquet, to-night, she will announce that, when to-morrow's sun shines down in here, you will take up the rule of the people."

Fenda, hugely delighted, hurried off to arrange for the transfer of the gold, including the securing of much of the precious metal from his friends.

Soon men began carrying this gold to the government house, close to the mouth of the tunnel.

Some of the people saw, and they may have wondered idly, but gold was so common here as to excite little curiosity.

More interest was aroused, two hours later, when it was announced that all the people of the village would gather, just before dark, for an outdoor banquet at which Mira would have something of importance to say to her people.

Mopta and Kefin, the two best men-cooks in the little clan, came to the girl to offer their services in making the banquet a truly noble one.

"Have the meal spread on the north side of the government building," whispered Dick, to Mira, who was moving about on his arm. "Then the feasters will not see what passes between the building and the tunnel. And now we must look about for the fifteen men who shall be bearers of the gold, and who can be trusted. But, Mira, you must not let the people get even an idea that you mean to go further with us than a little way into the tunnel."

The preparations went on rapidly.

As soon as he could, Dick hastened to his father.

"Dad, do you feel, now, any desire to get back into the world?"

"Why, of course, my boy!"

"You remember mother—your wife?"

"I think I do," replied Captain Jack Hope, squinting his eyes queerly in the effort to recollect.

"Oh, of course you remember her!" cried Dick. "Try to think, dad. Remember the army, the soldiers and your brother officers."

"Yes, yes, I remember," mumbled the senior Hope, eagerly. "I remember the long ranks of the men, the orders ringing out down the lines. I remember the fighting, too."

"And you remember—her?"

Dick tried the experiment that he had all along wanted to try, and yet had feared to do.

From an inner pocket he drew forth a photograph of his mother, and pressed it into his father's hands.

"Why, it's Alice, of course!" cried Captain Jack Hope, staring at the pictured face.



Then, to Dick's great delight, his father pressed the photograph to his lips.

"We are going away from here very soon," Dick whispered. "We are going back to see—her. She will be so happy! It is so long since mother has seen you, dad."

"Of course, of course," murmured the captain, still staring at the photograph. "I will keep this," he added.

"Why, of course you will!" cried Dick, delightedly. "And now, dad, do not tell any one that we are thinking of going. If they learned, it might prevent our going."

"Then I shall be very still," promised his father. "I want to see Alice. I must see her. It is so long since I have seen her!"

This evidence that his father's mind was so rapidly returning filled our hero with still more happiness.

He went about as if treading on air. There were no such things as obstacles now!

Long before the time set, the people had gathered.

And Mira had picked out fifteen men who could be trusted

At the proper time they would absent themselves from the feast and be prepared to serve the princess, who was about to give up her sovereignty over these people.

The people had assembled.

At the main, or royal table, Mira was to preside. With her were to sit Dick, Brad, Captain Hope and Fenda.

As the little group, all but Brad, were standing at the royal table, Thompson came up hurriedly, looking flustered.

"Dick," he whispered, "have you any cartridges?"

"Only those in my revolver. The rest of the cartridges I gave into your keeping."

"And those cartridges have vanished," whispered Brad, excitedly.

"Vanished? Oh, mislaid only."

"I believe they've been stolen," Brad retorted. "And my revolver has gone the same way!"

"It's time to stop joking," quivered Dick.

"Joking?" trembled Brad. "Do I look as if I were joking?"

"But you can't find your revolver?"

"Not a sign of it!"

"Keep quiet, then. I'm going to slip away and hunt for mine."

"Where is it?"

"I left it in the government building, hidden."

"You won't find it there now, then," predicted Brad.

Dick, trying to look unruffled, made off.

He was back in a few moments, his swift look at Brad showing that he had not found his weapon.

"Some traitor must have stolen the weapons and ammunition to take them to Hofa," Dick whispered. "If Hofa has the weapons, and doesn't attack to-night, then it won't matter after all. If he does attack to-night, then we shall have to teach the people not to be afraid of firearms, but to use their own weapons with the best skill. Now, don't show a sign, Brad. Look cheerful and happy, but don't

overdo the part. Keep your nerve, and we ought to get out of this all right."

"All right?"

Two men in that gathering were narrowly, exultantly watching the young American adventurers.

These were Mopta and Kefin, the two cooks who had prepared the feast.

"Now that we have drawn their teeth by stealing their weapons," whispered Mopta to his confederate, "we will next draw their very breath at the table."

"The poison in the food that those five will eat," he chuckled, "would almost instantly kill a thousand giants. I have seen well to the poison!"

Mira gave the sign for the beginning of the feast.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE DEEDS OF THE NIGHT.

"I feel strangely to-night," whispered Mira to Dick, who sat at her right hand.

"The excitement over the flight that is to come, dear girl!"

"I am strangely upset."

"In a few hours the excitement will be past."

"Caw!"

The hoarse, croaking voice came from the ground.

Mira glanced down at a pet, tame crow that she had owned for more than a year.

"You are such a thief, you saucy, black fellow," smiled the girl. "You will plunder the feast to-night."

"Better buy the crow off now," laughed Dick.

"How?"

"Fill him so full of food that he cannot even hop any more. I will start it for you."

Picking out two or three of the daintiest morsels of food on the table before him, Dick tossed them to the crow.

But Mopta, hovering near, instantly snatched up the bird.

"Put the crow down," commanded Dick, simply.

"But such a black bird should not be at a feast," objected Mopta, holding on to the crow, which was now savagely pecking at the hand of its captor.

"Put the crow down," Dick repeated.

"Such a bird of ill-omen will spoil my feast, I am sure," protested the fellow. "At a feast you should humor the cook."

"Put that crow down!"

Dick had spoken so quietly that the others at the table hardly noticed.

But now he and Mopta were glaring curiously into each other's eyes.

For a moment Mopta resisted.

Then, as Dick stepped toward him, menace shining in the young American's eyes, Mopta's nerveless hands let the bird flutter down to the ground.

It hopped swiftly to the food, pecking at it eagerly.

Then, of a sudden, the crow stopped eating.



"Caw, caw, caw!" it cried, so harshly that all at the royal table turned to look at the black bird.

In an instant more it began to stagger.

Then suddenly it fell on its side, twitched over, clawing feebly at the air.

Its eyes closed, the white film coming down.

"Don't touch that food!" thundered Dick.

Then, like a flash, he wheeled.

Before Mopta could get out of the way Dick darted full at him.

Biff! That sturdy blow struck the cook in a heap, knocking him out.

"Seize Kefin and bring him here!" roared Dick Hope.

There was instant confusion.

But Kefin was caught, despite his frenzied effort at flight.

He was dragged before our hero, who eyed him in a way that made the fellow turn ghastly white and tremble.

"Kefin," thundered the boy, "taste some of each dish on the table!"

"Is it not well cooked, my lord."

"Taste!"

Kefin's white face changed to a ghastly green, his knees wobbling under him.

"Drag this poisoning cook to the prison cage," commanded Dick, coldly, dangerously. "And throw the dog of a Mopta in after him."

Bystanders seized both the conscious and the unconscious cook and tossed them behind the bars.

"These scoundrels mixed poison with the feast," announced Dick in a voice that all could hear.

Those who had begun to taste the food at the other tables turned pallid.

"I do not believe the food was poisoned at any table but ours," Dick went on, steadily. "Now, my friends, who could have an interest in serving poison at our table?"

There was an awed silence.

"You suspect who ordered the poison placed in our food," Dick insisted. "Name him!"

"Hofa!" cried several, in a breath.

"You are right."

"It was an accursed deed!" cried several of the people.

"Would you have such a man ever to rule over you again?" cried Dick.

"No, no, no!"

"Yet the Princess Mira feels that you should have some man to rule over you," our hero went on, feeling that the time was ripe, now, for the coming announcement. "She has asked me to speak for her. You need a man to reign—one who is both brave and just. Princess Mira proposes the name of Fenda, whom you all know and respect."

For a few moments there was a dazed hush over the assemblage.

They had not expected such news as the resignation of their princess.

Since Mira had ruled matters had gone better and better.

The most that they had expected, by way of news this evening, was that Mira had decided to take our hero as consort.

"We have had better and better government under our princess," spoke an old man, rising at one of the tables. "We had hoped that she would continue to rule."

"The princess feels that she has neither the strength nor the wisdom to reign where there is such a rebel and dastard as Hofa at large," Dick replied. "Therefore she begs you to accept Fenda as your prince and to serve him loyally."

"When does Mira cease to rule?" persisted the old man, acting as spokesman for the assemblage.

"She will be your princess until to-morrow. When the sun shines in here again Mira asks you all to look to Fenda."

There were murmurs of disappointment, though Fenda was popular enough and the people were pleased with him if they could not continue under the government of Mira.

"We must abandon our feast," went on the old man. "There is death in it."

"It is not likely that any of the food has been harmed, except that at the royal table," Dick replied. "Go after some of your pet animals, and try them on the food at the other tables."

Half a dozen crows were speedily brought and thus fed. As all of the birds continued to eat greedily, without ill effects, Dick called out:

"You see, all the food but ours is safe. We will eat with you—of your food."

Then the feast went on. By the time that it was well under way Mira managed to give the sign to the fifteen men who had been selected as the trusted bearers of the gold on the flight through the tunnel.

Four more men there were whose task was to be the carrying of a bridge made up of double width of plank.

This bridge was long enough to cross the gap of the sulphurous abyss.

The bridge lay in the tunnel at considerable distance from the mouth.

Dick had had it placed there two days ago, and now one of his messengers informed him, quietly, that the bridge was still safe.

One by one, except in the case of Dick and his father, who went together, those at the royal table left and went into the government building.

From there, by stealth, the bearers of the gold took up their burdens, making their way hastily into the tunnel.

Last of all came the principal members of the party—all except Fenda.

He had been informed by Mira that she would accompany the Americans into the tunnel—for what purpose she did not state.

So secretly was it all managed that the entire crowd for the flight was marshaled in the tunnel without the people of the village being aware of what had happened.

"Now, let us push forward quickly," cried Dick, who



carried one of the many torches with which the party was provided.

"How long will it take us to get out?" murmured Brad.

"Not more than an hour and a half, if the ladders fastened to the bridge prove long enough for scaling that shaft."

"And if not?"

"Oh, the ladders will be long enough," Dick predicted, confidently.

One sharp pair of eyes, however, had seen the departure. The two cooks were not the only traitors in the village.

The owner of those eyes traveled in hot haste across the plain to where Hofa and his war party waited.

"So they have gone into the tunnel?" cried Hofa, his eyes lighting up. "They have carried much gold, and a bridge for crossing the gulf of the evil spirits. That is enough! If I strike quickly, I shall be supreme ruler here again, and I shall punish my enemies!"

Hofa's war party moved forward, at a stealthy trot.

They fell upon the feasters still at table.

The victory was swift and bloodless.

Fenda's mantle of new authority fell from him in an instant. Hofa again ruled the people of the crater.

"And now for the tunnel," he cried, "to destroy our enemies!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### TERROR AT THE BRIDGE.

In the meantime, Dick was leading his heavily-laden party through the tunnel as rapidly as it could travel.

Men almost staggering under the weight of gold could not travel at express speed.

At every quarter or half a mile a halt was needed, that the men might rest their strained muscles.

"I shan't feel easy," croaked Brad, "until we find ourselves on the other side of that sulphur blast."

"Groaning again?" smiled Dick.

"Call it what you like, I've got a gloomy notion about what will happen."

"Oh, well, old fellow," laughed Dick, "if you get any fun out of croaking, go ahead and enjoy yourself in your own way."

"You fear pursuit?" asked Mira, softly.

"I don't know what I do expect," Brad replied.

"Tell you what," smiled our hero, "since you're afraid of something that will overtake us, suppose you fall behind and act as rear guard. Then, if anything or anybody chases us you'll have first news of it, and you can holler."

"You seem mighty happy tonight," observed Brad.

"Why shouldn't I be?" cried Dick, gaily. "I've got my Dad, my sweetheart and my fortune. What more can a fellow want?"

Brad said nothing, but he took the hint to fall behind and bring up the rear.

In this way Thompson was also able to watch the gold-bearers and see to it that none of them lightened his load by throwing away some of the precious metal.

"Do you believe in your friend's fears?" asked Mira, walking at our hero's side.

"How can I?" laughed Dick. "With all the good fortune I'm having, what right have I to believe in anything but the best of good luck?"

"But that awful place of the evil spirits!" shuddered Mira, drawing closer to him.

"Cheer up, dear girl! The only thing there that's evil is the smell of the sulphur that's burning in the bowels of the earth."

Dick threw an arm around her waist to better support her as she walked, trembling.

"When we have crossed the sulphur gulf, you will realize how foolish your fears are, dear one," he assured her.

Captain Jack Hope, walking in grave silence, kept just behind the young people, eyeing them thoughtfully.

"I used to walk just that way with—Alice," he murmured. "It must have been—a long time ago."

Brad, in the meantime, looked as often to the rear as he did ahead.

Time and again he felt sure that they were being pursued, yet he could see or hear nothing to confirm the notion.

"There must really be evil spirits in this channel through the earth," he chattered, grimly. "Or, is it my nerves? Oh, pshaw! What a baby I'm becoming. Nothing will happen. Of course, nothing will happen. We'll be out of this place before we're missed by the people back in the crater!"

Once Dick came back to see his chum, leaving Mira to walk with his father.

"Seen anything suspicious, Brad?"

"Not a thing."

"Heard anything?"

"Nothing but the cold chills chasing each other up and down my back, old fellow."

Dick laughed.

"Most of our dreads are plain cases of nerves, I reckon, Brad. If we could know what we were afraid of, we'd be ashamed of being afraid."

"We're getting close to the sulphur, ain't we?"

"Judging by the smell," Dick answered. "I must go forward and see that our crowd know how to manage it. Look out for yourself, and this end of the line, Brad."

Dick hastened forward, halting the line.

Then each in turn he showed how to wind a wet cloth around his head so as to cover his mouth.

Water for the purpose they had brought with them.

With their mouths and breathing thus protected Dick hoped that it would be possible to make a quick dash through the choking sulphur fumes and reach the other side safely.

"Now, first of all, while the rest of you remain here," the boy told Mira, "I'll run forward with the bridge carriers."

With those four men and their burden Dick raced forward.



Sooner than he had thought for he came to the gulf up out of which the sulphur smoke poured.

The bridge was light in weight but reasonably stiff.

Down on their knees they went beside it.

"Now, then," cried Dick, "all together, and make sure that no man drops his hold. All ready! Run her out—carefully!"

As the further end of the bridge moved out over the gulf, through the thick smoke, it proved a harder job to control it than they had expected.

Dick, himself, was at the head of the gang, straining his vision to see as much as possible through the thick yellow smoke.

"Hold fast!" he shouted back. "Don't let the bridge go!"

It was straining work. Even despite the wet cloths over their mouths the men were beginning to cough, strangle and weaken.

"Keep a-trying," panted Dick.

The task was beginning to tell on his strength, too.

But he strained himself and encouraged his men.

At last, through the thick yellow smoke, he felt the other end of the bridge touch something hard.

"We've crossed the gulf! Patience for just a minute more!" he called sputtering back.

Now he threw all his own strength into the effort of raising the further end of the bridge ever so little.

He felt it move forward, and after shoving it out at least a foot and a half, he let the further end down.

The bridge rested on its own weight across the gulf.

"Wait, rest and watch me," he called.

He was dizzy from the constant inhaling of the sulphur fumes, but he stepped boldly out on the bridge.

"If I fall off into the bottomless place below it'll end the expedition," he told himself. "Brace up, old chap!"

He trod with more courage after that.

Though he was occupied but a few seconds, it seemed like ages. Yet he reached solid rock on the other side of the bridge.

"Glory!" he breathed.

He looked down at the end of the bridge, to make sure that it rested solidly enough.

Then he ran ahead, a little way into the semi-darkness.

Here he took in a few whiffs of rather purer air.

Then turning back, he crossed swiftly, nervily, over the bridge.

"You see," he announced to his men, "you can go on with the ladders."

Only one of the men was brave enough to start at once.

The other three watched that fellow with an awe that was mingled with superstitious belief in the evil spirits of the gulf.

But that man, once over, shouted to the rest.

"You see," encouraged Dick, "it's safe. There are no evil spirits. No harm can fall to you. Now, start, and in a minute you'll be laughing at your fears. The air is good over on that side, too."

After a little Dick had the satisfaction of seeing the last of his ladder bearers across the bridge.

Now he ran back to where he had left the rest.

"Come, Mira," he called.

"You're sure it's safe?" she asked.

"Dear girl, do you think I'd let you go over that bridge if I didn't know it?"

"I am satisfied then, Dick."

"Come!"

At the same time he called to his father and signaled to the gold bearers.

"Bring the last of the line up, Brad!" Hope yelled back, hoarsely.

Then they went forward, soon arriving at the bridge.

"Mira, you first!"

"You'll go with me?"

"Now and always, Mira!"

He pushed her out on the bridge ahead of him, but let her feel his guiding touch behind.

"Don't be afraid of falling, dear girl. I'd catch you if you did fall. You're safe where I am."

Trembling, yet with full faith in her young lover, the girl allowed herself to be piloted across the bridge.

"Hurry ahead a bit, and you'll find sweeter air."

"Where are you going, Dick?"

"Back for Dad, of course, and then to pilot the gold bearers across."

Captain Jack Hope took the bridge coolly, though Dick walked faithfully behind. The army officer, used to a life of daring, saw nothing extraordinary in the crossing.

"Now, for you, my friends," cried Dick, returning to the gold bearers. "You've seen others go across, so you know it's safe. Steady, now! One at a time."

It was for these men, so heavily laden, that the real difficulty existed.

But one after another he got the gold bearers safely over, crossing with some of the weaker to help steady them.

And now he turned to his chum.

"You see, old croaker!" laughed Hope.

"We ain't all out of the woods yet," grumbled Brad.

"You'll be over the bridge, soon. Start with you!"

Brad took to the bridge steadily enough.

Then Dick Hope, himself, started on the last trip across.

"We're just in time, men!" roared a voice of thunder in the darkness behind.

Dick turned so suddenly, and in such alarm, that he all but lost his balance on the bridge.

There at the rear he saw the sparkling gleam of many a torch.

The voice itself he knew as Hofa's.

Bending low forward, Dick started on a crouching run.

If he could reach the solid rock and kick the bridge off into bottomless space below!

Behind him he heard the heavy steps of Hofa, running, and heard the brute's heavier voice.

"Now—we've got the strangers!"

Dick reached the further end of the bridge.



He turned, dimly making out Hofa at a distance of some yards from the bridge.

"Got you settled, now!" clicked Dick Hope.

Bending, he started to raise the end of the bridge, intent on casting it off into the gulf.

Whizz-zz! That well-driven arrow came so close to his head that it took some of the skin from his ear.

"Dare to lay a finger on this bridge," roared Hofa, "and I'll drive a true arrow through you!"

Brad, through the yellow haze, saw an arrow bent full on Hofa's bow.

With a desperate but unreasoning instinct, Brad darted forward, lifted Dick bodily and bore him backward.

Twang! Whizz-zz! The arrow barely missed the boys.

It struck against a wall of the tunnel, then glanced off into the darkness beyond.

"Let anyone of you dare come to the bridge," warned Hofa, hoarsely, "and I promise to kill him!"

Then, back over his shoulder, the leader shouted:

"Come on, my men! Follow me over the bridge! We have them now!"

The big leader was upon the bridge, holding his bow bent, an arrow fitted to the string, ready for instant discharge.

Two or three of his men stepped upon the bridge, and then others gained heart to follow.

"Stop, Hofa! It is Mira who speaks!"

The girl had darted forward. At the hail Hofa came to a halt.

"Why do you call out to me, girl!"

"Hofa, I would bargain for the safety of my friends," called Mira, despairingly.

"Bargain? They shall find their bargain at the bottom of this pit!"

"Stay, Hofa! Let them go and escape, and I, Mira, will turn about and go back with you!"

A gleam of savage joy lit up the fellow's eyes for an instant.

It was dispelled, however, in a twinkling, for Dick Hope caught the girl around the waist, crying out:

"Mira, you shall not go back. You shall not become Hofa's! You have given me the sweet right to forbid it—and I do forbid it! Hofa, if you cross, you shall not find Mira here. She will die with me!"

"Since you wish it," murmured Mira, huskily, "I will die with you, Dick. I sought only to save you."

"At the expense of yourself you shall not save us, Mira!"

"Down into the pit with all of you!" raged Hofa.

"Come along, my men, and slay!"

In his eagerness the big fellow raced across the bridge, followed at hardly less speed by the more daring of his men.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

"Dear one," panted Mira, clinging close to Dick, "have you the courage to kill me now, with your own hand, that I may make sure of dying with you?"

Dick groaned.

He had not that courage.

It was weakness perhaps, but he could not raise his hand to slay her, even at her own eager request.

Crash!

Then there came a horrible shriek, as if the evil spirits of the gulf had raised their hideous voices in unison.

Crash!

A second yell, stifled in the lurid yellow smoke from the abyss.

Then where were the enemy.

For the bridge, too heavily laden with human weight had snapped under the strain.

Ere even Hofa, in the lead, could leap to solid rock, the bridge sagged and broke in the middle, crashing down, perhaps thousands of feet and carrying with it eight human beings bound to destruction.

It was swift, complete, awful!

Even Dick Hope, as soon as he realized the catastrophe, started back, trembling.

Mira, shocked into tears, fell sobbing to her knees, as if to pray for the souls of the men who had gone thus to their doom.

"It's all over, for Hofa!" uttered Dick, shudderingly.

From the gulf there came upward no sound now.

From the further side of the abyss came only a chorus of yells that had blended with the shrieks of the doomed.

Then that was all.

For the survivors of Hofa's war party—those who had not yet ventured on the bridge—turned and fled in terror from the accursed spot.

"Tough on Hofa and his crew, but lucky for us," uttered Brad, practically.

"Yes, lucky for us," Dick echoed, huskily. "But this place is too full of horrors, now. Come, let us go on. Mira, dear life! Dad!"

Relief came in action.

Dick hastily organized his party once more, lighted fresh torches, and ahead they hurried, going ever further and further from the abyss.

So, after another longish bit of trampling, they came to the bottom of that well-remembered shaft.

Looking upward, they saw, overhead, the star-jetted heavens.

"Now, if the ladders will do their part for us as well as did the bridge!" murmured Dick.

"And as badly for our enemies!" clicked Brad, under his breath.

The work of rigging the scaling ladders occupied more than an hour.

Yet, at last, the work was done.

Dick, first of all, scaled to the top of the shaft, stepping out on solid earth under the night sky.

The girl followed. Dick helped her to step from the ladder.

"Look, Mira," he said, waving his arm about him. "This is a part of my world—of the world you will henceforth share with me."



Captain Jack Hope now ascended and stepped out of the shaft.

He looked about him thoughtfully.

"Our world, Dad!" cried the boy, cheerily.

"Alice is in it," his father observed, slowly, half-questioningly.

"Oh, yes! In a very few days, Dad, the sight of you will have made my mother happy once more!"

The bearers of gold were beginning to come up now.

One by one they stepped out into the world, which was not their world, with their precious burdens.

At last the last of them stepped out.

"Now, what is to become of my people?" asked Mira, thoughtfully.

"They shall go along, and share the world with us, and with the millions of others, if they wish," Dick replied.

Mira spoke to them, dwelling, in her simple, ignorant way, of the world beyond.

The men looked at each other doubtfully, then shook their heads.

"For us," spoke up their spokesman, "we will go back to those we know."

"There you are right," Dick agreed, "for you will be happier in the old crater than in the world beyond that you do not know."

"But how shall they return?" wondered Mira.

"Why look at those clumps of trees over there," Dick answered, pointing. "They are bamboos—trees that do not grow down in the crater. It is the most useful wood that grows on earth, and one of the lightest and easiest to handle. In two hours or less they can build a bridge better and stronger than the one that Hofa and his crew broke."

As if anxious to get out of this bigger world, so utterly unknown to them, the late bearers of the bridge and the gold fell at once at their task.

Dick and Brad aided them.

The new bridge was speedily completed.

Then down the shaft these men of the Crater of Gold lowered it.

They vanished after it, and were gone.

"And now," hinted Dick, "for sleep. Mira, you and Dad will get your rest for the remainder of the night. Brad and I will take turns watching."

It was three hours later, and still some hours from daylight.

Dick, having taken the first watch, Brad had lain down.

He was snoring so soundly, sleeping so deeply at other times, that Hope hated to awake his chum.

Hearing a slight sound in the direction of the shaft, our hero turned his head.

Then, bravely, he trod straight towards that head.

"Greetings, friend!"

It was Fenda.

"You?" cried Dick, joyously, for Fenda's face was smiling and friendly.

"Yes, I," replied the young man, as he stepped out.

Then, bending down the shaft, Fenda called out:

"It is all right. You may come up."

Dick hastily awakened the members of his own party, who, of course, were greatly astonished.

Then Fenda told them how Hofa had returned, surprised the village, and asserted his own rulership.

Fenda next told how the members of Hofa's war-party who had survived the catastrophe at the abyss had returned with stories full of terror.

But, at last, the bridge bearers and the bearers of gold had reached the village with another story.

"So we have come to wish you well on your journey," wound up Fenda, pointing to the first of his men up the shaft. "And, since we have learned that you set such great store by our simple gold, we have brought you more of it in token of our friendship."

More of it?

The burdens of solid gold that Fenda's men had brought more than doubled the Americans' stock of the precious metal.

"And now, farewell," said Fenda, at last. "You may picture me as ruling happily, and, I trust, wisely and justly. We have heard of your world, but we want none of it. We have one parting favor to ask of you."

"Anything at all that we can do for you," promised Dick, eagerly.

"Do not tell the outside world of our people."

"We will not."

"Nor of the gold here."

"Neither of the gold."

"And, lest some man of your race may yet stumble upon the place, and bring ruin upon us, one more favor."

"You have but to name it, Fenda," Dick agreed.

"When we have passed down the ladders, in some way mask the opening of the shaft."

There were many cordial farewells.

Then Fenda and his men went down the shaft again, after which Dick, Brad, and Captain Hope labored long.

They took up many a green bush by its roots, planting it securely at the mouth of the shaft.

By the time that they were through the vegetation was in a solid mass of network above that entrance to the Crater of Gold.

"It is nearly daylight, Dad, but you and Mira must try to get some more sleep," spoke Dick.

Our hero remained on guard, while his father, excited by the night's events, lay down but tossed restlessly.

Then, just as our hero, weary-eyed, saw the first streaks of pink tinging the eastern sky for the dawn, he heard another sound that sent his blood tingling through his veins.

Ta-ra-ta-ra-ta! A bugle sounding the good old first call to reveille—the notes that arouse Uncle Sam's soldiers to the new day of soldiers' life!

"Do you hear that, Dad?" panted the boy, quiveringly.

Did he?

Captain Jack Hope had started to his feet, staring around him.



"Reveille!" he shouted. "G Company, hustle there and turn out! Do you men want to sleep all day? Rouse out there!"

Then the captain fell to laughing, while Brad, awaking, rose quickly as our hero told him of the bugle's notes.

"You and Dad stay here," cried Dick, starting off. "I'll run that bugle down. I won't be long."

He had not gone far when he heard the gruff calls of sergeants to their squads.

"This is no case of Filipino constabulary, led by a native," chuckled the happy boy, as he ran. "These are Uncle Sam's real old boys in khaki, led by white men! Glory!"

Ere he had been on the way five minutes Dick Hope, with a throb of joy, came in sight of the camp of a troop of United States cavalry.

He rushed forward, breathlessly toward the officers' tents.

Here he got another delighted surprise. He knew the commander of the troop, who sat before his tent.

"Captain Abercrombie!" he cried.

"You, Dick Hope?" cried the captain, bounding forward. "Jove, but this is lucky. We've been looking for you for weeks!"

"Looking for us?"

"Sure!" responded the captain smiling. "That little brown sergeant of constables, Thakka, reached the nearest post in a great fright. Told us how you'd been nabbed by the evil spirits of the crater. The authorities tried to make him lead us back here. No, sir! You couldn't hire a native to come anywhere near this crater after they'd heard that the evil spirits were on the job again! But how are you, Hope, and what have you been doing? Jove, if we could only find your father as easily."

"I reckon you can, captain," smiled Dick. "I left Dad back there among the rocks."

"What's that, lad?"

"Oh, Dad's really there."

"Then lead me like lightning to the dear old fellow, Dick! Wait! We'll have horses and an escort, in a twinkling!"

Two minutes later a party of dandy, jingling cavalry was on its way back to the camp of the night.

There, the sight of comrades and the loved old uniform all but brought Captain Jack Hope back into his right mind on the spot.

"But where on earth did you get all this gold?" quivered Captain Abercrombie. "And manufactured gold, at that."

"Oh, that," returned Dick, his face clouding at the necessity for mystery, "is the part of our adventures that we can't tell. In fact, we can't honestly and fairly tell any part of our adventures."

Captain Abercrombie furnished safe escort and transportation for getting the gold forward to the haunts of civilization

The presence of comrades and the daily living of the old

life speedily restored Captain Jack Hope to his old brightness of mind.

Yet, on one point his mind has always been somewhat blank ever since.

Dick's father remembered being captured, when scouting alone, by a party of Irrogote savages. He remembered the first few weeks of his life as a prisoner. Afterwards he must have had an attack of brain fever, from the effects of which he never recovered until under the care of his son.

Captain Hope must have entered the crater, or been taken there, by some other route than the shaft.

What that route was none of the party know to this day. Nor does Dick's mother care.

She has her husband back. That is all she wants or cares to know.

Incidentally, of course, the Hopes are a great deal richer.

The money resulting from the sale of the gold brought from the crater amounted to a little more than nine hundred thousand dollars.

This money was evenly divided between Dick, his father and his chum.

Mira gets her present share through her life partnership with her young husband.

Brad's first act, on reaching Manila, was to resign from his government position as stenographer.

"A fellow with all the money I've got doesn't want a government job," grumbled Brad Thompson. "He wants to find such a wife as Dick's going to have—if he can get her—and settle down to enjoy life."

Brad found such a girl—at least he swears she's just such a girl—in San Francisco.

Captain Hope is still in the Army, but his regiment is now serving in the United States.

The two chums do not live together, but they and their young wives very often meet and talk over life as they have found it.

Mira, with her young husband, finds this world at least enjoyable as her old world in the Crater of Gold—which, by the way, has not been re-discovered by anyone since our friends left it behind.

The secret of the great wealth that lies hidden there will probably be safe until—

THE END.

The next number of "Wide Awake Weekly," No. 33, is entitled "AT THE TOP OF THE HEAP; OR, DARING TO CALL HIS SOUL HIS OWN," by Rob Roy. It is a rousing story, full of adventure and human interest. Do not fail to order a copy in advance from your newsdealer. It will be a rare treat.

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.



# WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, etc., of Western Life.

BY AN OLD SCOUT.

32 PAGES

PRICE 5 CENTS.

32 PAGES.

EACH NUMBER IN A HANDSOME COLORED COVER.

All of these exciting stories are founded on facts. Young Wild West is a hero with whom the author was acquainted. His daring deeds and thrilling adventures have never been surpassed. They form the base of the most dashing stories ever published. Read the following numbers of this most interesting magazine and be convinced:

## LATEST ISSUES:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 154 Young Wild West and the Flattened Bullet; or, The Man Who Would not Drop.       | 184 Young Wild West and the Oregon Outlaws; or, Arietta as a "Judge."               |
| 155 Young Wild West's Gold Game; or, Arietta's Full Hand.                           | 185 Young Wild West and "Mexican Matt"; or, Routing the Rawhide Rangers.            |
| 156 Young Wild West's Cowboy Scrimmage; or, Cooking a Crowd of Crooks.              | 186 Young Wild West and the Comanche Queen; or, Arietta as an Archer.               |
| 157 Young Wild West and the Arizona Athlete; or, The Duel that Lasted a Week.       | 187 Young Wild West and the "Gold Ring"; or, The Flashy Five of Four Flush.         |
| 158 Young Wild West and the Kansas Cowboys; or, Arietta's Clean Score.              | 188 Young Wild West's Double Rescue; or, Arietta's Race With Death.                 |
| 159 Young Wild West Doubling His Luck; or, The Mine that Made a Million.            | 189 Young Wild West and the Texas Rangers; or, Crooked Work on the Rio Grande.      |
| 160 Young Wild West and the Loop of Death; or, Arietta's Gold Cache.                | 190 Young Wild West's Branding Bee; or, Arietta and the Cow Punchers.               |
| 161 Young Wild West at Boiling Butte; or, Hop Wah and the High-binders.             | 191 Young Wild West and His Partner's Pile, and How Arietta Saved It.               |
| 162 Young Wild West Paying the Pawnees; or, Arietta Held for Ransom.                | 193 Young Wild West's Buckhorn Bowtie, and How It Saved His Partners.               |
| 163 Young Wild West's Shoofing Match; or, The "Show-Down" at Shasta.                | 194 Young Wild West in the Haunted Hills; or, Arietta and the Aztec Arrow.          |
| 164 Young Wild West at Death Divide; or, Arietta's Great Fight.                     | 195 Young Wild West's Cowboy Dance; or, Arietta's Annoying Admirer.                 |
| 165 Young Wild West and the Scarlet Seven; or, Arietta's Daring Leap.               | 196 Young Wild West's Double Shot; or, Cheyenne Charlie's Life Line.                |
| 166 Young Wild West's Mirror Shot; or, Rattling the Renegades.                      | 197 Young Wild West at Gold Gorge; or, Arietta and the Drop of Death.               |
| 167 Young Wild West and the Greaser Gang; or, Arietta as a Spy.                     | 198 Young Wild West and the Gulf Gang; or, Arietta's Three Shots.                   |
| 168 Young Wild West losing a Million; or, How Arietta Helped Him Out.               | 199 Young Wild West's Treasure Trove; or, The Wonderful Luck of the Girls.          |
| 169 Young Wild West and the Railroad Robbers; or, Lively Work in Utah.              | 200 Young Wild West's Leap in the Dark; or, Arietta and the Underground Stream.     |
| 170 Young Wild West Corraling the Cow-Punchers; or, Arietta's Swim for Life.        | 201 Young Wild West and the Silver Queen; or, The Fate of the Mystic Ten.           |
| 171 Young Wild West "Facing the Music"; or, The Mistake the Lynchers Made.          | 202 Young Wild West Striking it Rich; or, Arietta and the Cave of Gold.             |
| 172 Young Wild West and "Montana Mose"; or, Arietta's Messenger of Death.           | 203 Young Wild West's Relay Race; or, The Fight at Fort Feather.                    |
| 173 Young Wild West at Grizzly Gulch; or, The Shot that Saved the Camp.             | 204 Young Wild West and the "Crooked Cowboys"; or, Arietta and the Cattle Stampede. |
| 174 Young Wild West on the Warpath; or, Arietta Among the Arapahoes.                | 205 Young Wild West at Sizzling Fork; or, A Hot Time With the Claim Jumpers.        |
| 175 Young Wild West and "Nebraska Nick"; or, The Cattle Thieves of the Platte.      | 206 Young Wild West and "Big Buffalo"; or, Arietta at the Stake.                    |
| 176 Young Wild West and the Magic Mine; or, How Arietta Solved a Mystery.           | 207 Young Wild West Raiding the Raiders; or, The Vengeance of the Vigilants.        |
| 177 Young Wild West as a Cavalry Scout; or, Saving the Settlers.                    | 208 Young Wild West's Royal Flush; or, Arietta and the Gamblers.                    |
| 178 Young Wild West Beating the Bandits; or, Arietta's Best Shot.                   | 209 Young Wild West and the Prairie Pirates; or, The Fight for the Box of Gold.     |
| 179 Young Wild West and "Crazy Hawk"; or, The Redskins' Last Raid.                  | 210 Young Wild West Daring Death; or, How the Sorrel Saved Arietta.                 |
| 180 Young Wild West Chasing the Cowboys; or, Arietta the Lariat Queen.              | 211 Young Wild West Corraling the Comanches; or, Arietta and the Silver Tomahawk.   |
| 181 Young Wild West and the Treacherous Trapper; or, Lost in the Great North Woods. | 212 Young Wild West at Spangle Springs; or, The Toughest Town in Texas.             |
| 182 Young Wild West's Dash to Deadwood; or, Arietta and the Kidnappers.             | 213 Young Wild West and the Renegade Ranchman; or, Arietta in a Trap.               |
| 183 Young Wild West's Silver Scoop; or, Cleaning Up a Hundred Thousand.             | 214 Young Wild West's Gold Dust Drift; or, Losing a Cool Million.                   |
|   | 215 Young Wild West and the Overland Outlaws; or, Arietta's Death Charm.            |
|   | 216 Young Wild West and the Ace of Clubs; or, A Human Pack of Cards.                |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, New York.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our libraries, and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. ....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find..... cents for which please send me:

....copies of FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....  
.... " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....  
.... " " WORK AND WIN, Nos.....  
.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....  
.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....  
.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....  
.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....  
.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....



# These Books Tell You Everything!

## A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

### MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

### PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

### HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

### SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

### FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

### ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

### TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurors and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

### MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

### MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Æolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

### LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.



## THE STAGE.

**No. 41. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

**No. 42. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

**No. 45. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

**No. 65. MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

**No. 79. HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

**No. 80. GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

**No. 16. HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

**No. 30. HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

**No. 37. HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

## ELECTRICAL.

**No. 46. HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

**No. 64. HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

**No. 67. HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

## ENTERTAINMENT.

**No. 9. HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

**No. 20. HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

**No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

**No. 36. HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

**No. 52. HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Race, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

**No. 66. HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

## ETIQUETTE.

**No. 13. HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

**No. 33. HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

## DECLAMATION.

**No. 27. HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

**No. 31. HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

**No. 49. HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debater, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

## SOCIETY.

**No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

**No. 4. HOW TO DANCE.** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

**No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

**No. 17. HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

**No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

## BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

**No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parrot, parrot, etc.

**No. 39. HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

**No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

**No. 50. HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

**No. 54. HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**No. 8. HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

**No. 14. HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

**No. 84. HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

**No. 38. HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

**No. 55. HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

**No. 58. HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

**No. 60. HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

**No. 62. HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

**No. 63. HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

**PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.**

**Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

**STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY**

By A SELF-MADE MAN

32 Pages of Reading Matter : : Handsome Colored Covers

**A new one issued every Friday**

**Price 5 cents a copy**

This Weekly contains interesting stories of smart boys, who win fame and fortune by their ability to take advantage of passing opportunities. Some of these stories are founded on true incidents in the lives of our most successful self-made men, and show how a boy of pluck, perseverance and brains can become famous and wealthy. Every one of this series contains a good moral tone which makes "Fame and Fortune Weekly" a magazine for the home, although each number is replete with exciting adventures. The stories are the very best obtainable, the illustrations are by expert artists, and every effort is constantly being made to make it the best weekly on the news stands. Tell your friends about it.

ALREADY PUBLISHED.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>1 A Lucky Deal; or, The Cutest Boy in Wall Street.</li><li>2 Born to Good Luck; or, The Boy Who Succeeded.</li><li>3 A Corner in Corn; or, How a Chicago Boy Did the Trick.</li><li>4 A Game of Chance; or, The Boy Who Won Out.</li><li>5 Hard to Beat; or, The Cleverest Boy in Wall Street.</li><li>6 Building a Railroad; or, The Young Contractors of Lakeview.</li><li>7 Winning His Way; or, The Youngest Editor in Green River.</li><li>8 The Wheel of Fortune; or, The Record of a Self-Made Boy.</li><li>9 Nip and Tuck; or, The Young Brokers of Wall Street.</li><li>10 A Copper Harvest; or, The Boys Who Worked a Deserted Mine.</li><li>11 A Lucky Penny; or, The Fortunes of a Boston Boy.</li><li>12 A Diamond in the Rough; or, A Brave Boy's Start in Life.</li><li>13 Baiting the Bears; or, The Nerviest Boy in Wall Street.</li><li>14 A Gold Brick; or, The Boy Who Could Not be Downed.</li><li>15 A Streak of Luck; or, The Boy Who Feathered His Nest.</li><li>16 A Good Thing; or, The Boy Who Made a Fortune.</li><li>17 King of the Market; or, The Young Trader in Wall Street.</li><li>18 Pure Grit; or, One Boy in a Thousand.</li><li>19 A Rise in Life; or, The Career of a Factory Boy.</li><li>20 A Barrel of Money; or, A Bright Boy in Wall Street.</li><li>21 All to the Good; or, From Call Boy to Manager.</li><li>22 How He Got There; or, The Pluckiest Boy of Them All.</li><li>23 Bound to Win; or, The Boy Who Got Rich.</li><li>24 Pushing It Through; or, The Fate of a Lucky Boy.</li><li>25 A Born Speculator; or, The Young Sphinx of Wall Street.</li><li>26 The Way to Success; or, The Boy Who Got There.</li><li>27 Struck Oil; or, The Boy Who Made a Million.</li><li>28 A Golden Risk; or, The Young Miners of Della Cruz.</li><li>29 A Sure Winner; or, The Boy Who Went Out With a Circus.</li><li>30 Golden Pleece; or, The Boy Brokers of Wall Street.</li><li>31 A Mad Cap Scheme; or, The Boy Treasure Hunters of Cocos Island.</li><li>32 Adrift on the World; or, Working His Way to Fortune.</li></ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>33 Playing to Win; or, The Foxiest Boy in Wall Street.</li><li>34 Tatters; or, A Boy from the Slums.</li><li>35 A Young Monte Cristo; or, The Richest Boy in the World.</li><li>36 Won by Pluck; or, The Boys Who Ran a Railroad.</li><li>37 Beating the Brokers; or, The Boy Who "Couldn't be Done."</li><li>38 A Rolling Stone; or, The Brightest Boy on Record.</li><li>39 Never Say Die; or, The Young Surveyor of Happy Valley.</li><li>40 Almost a Man; or, Winning His Way to the Top.</li><li>41 Boss of the Market; or, The Greatest Boy in Wall Street.</li><li>42 The Chance of His Life; or, The Young Pilot of Crystal Lake.</li><li>43 Striving for Fortune; or, From Bell-Boy to Millionaire.</li><li>44 Out for Business; or, The Smartest Boy in Town.</li><li>45 A Favorite of Fortune; or, Striking It Rich in Wall Street.</li><li>46 Through Thick and Thin; or, The Adventures of a Smart Boy.</li><li>47 Doing His Level Best; or, Working His Way Up.</li><li>48 Always on Deck; or, The Boy Who Made His Mark.</li><li>49 A Mint of Money; or, The Young Wall Street Broker.</li><li>50 The Ladder of Fame; or, From Office Boy to Senator.</li><li>51 On the Square; or, The Success of an Honest Boy.</li><li>52 After a Fortune; or, The Pluckiest Boy in the West.</li><li>53 Winning the Dollars; or, The Young Wonder of Wall Street.</li><li>54 Making His Mark; or, The Boy Who Became President.</li><li>55 Heir to a Million; or, The Boy Who Was Born Lucky.</li><li>56 Lost in the Andes; or, The Treasure of the Buried City.</li><li>57 On His Mettle; or, A Plucky Boy in Wall Street.</li><li>58 A Lucky Chance; or, Taking Fortune on the Wing.</li><li>59 The Road to Success; or, The Career of a Fortunate Boy.</li><li>60 Chasing Pointers; or, The Luckiest Boy in Wall Street.</li><li>61 Rising in the World; or, From Factory Boy to Manager.</li><li>62 From Dark to Dawn; or, A Poor Boy's Chance.</li></ul> |
|---|--|

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps.

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, New York**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

**POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. ....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....	.....
..... " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....	.....
..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....	.....
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....	.....
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....	.....
..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....	.....
..... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....	.....
..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....	.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....





# WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY

A COMPLETE STORY EVERY WEEK

Price 5 Cents

BY THE BEST AUTHORS

Price 5 Cents

 HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED COVERS      32-PAGES OF READING MATTER      ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY 

Interesting Stories of Adventure in All Parts of the World

## TAKE NOTICE!

This handsome weekly contains intensely interesting stories of adventure on a great variety of subjects. Each number is replete with rousing situations and lively incidents. The heroes are bright, manly fellows, who overcome all obstacles by sheer force of brains and grit and win well-merited success. We have secured a staff of new authors, who write these stories in a manner which will be a source of pleasure and profit to the reader. Each number has a handsome colored illustration made by the most expert artists. Large sums of money are being spent to make this one of the best weeklies ever published.

### ....Here is a List of Some of the Titles....

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 Smashing the Auto Record; or, Bart Wilson at the Speed Lever. By Edward N. Fox.      | 17 The Keg of Diamonds; or, After the Treasure of the Caliphs. By Tom Dawson.       |
| 2 Off the Ticker; or, Fate at a Moment's Notice. By Tom Dawson.                        | 18 Sandow, Junior; or, The Boy Who Looked Puny. By Prof. Oliver Owens.              |
| 3 From Cadet to Captain; or, Dick Danford's West Point Nerve. By Lieut. J. J. Barry.   | 19 Won by Bluff; or, Jack Mason's Marble Face. By Frank Irving.                     |
| 4 The Get-There Boys; or, Making Things Hum in Honduras. By Fred Warburton.            | 20 On the Lobster Shift; or, The Herald's Star Reporter. By A. Howard De Witt.      |
| 5 Written in Cipher; or, The Skein Jack Barry Unravelled. By Prof. Oliver Owens.       | 21 Under the Vendetta's Steel; or, A Yankee Boy in Corsica. By Lieut. J. J. Barry.  |
| 6 The No-Good Boys; or, Downing a Tough Name. By A. Howard De Witt.                    | 22 Too Green to Burn; or, The Luck of Being a Boy. By Rob Roy.                      |
| 7 Kicked off the Earth; or, Ted Trim's Hard Luck Cure. By Rob Roy.                     | 23 In Fool's Paradise; or, The Boy Who Had Things Easy. By Fred Warburton.          |
| 8 Doing it Quick; or, Ike Brown's Hustle at Panama. By Captain Hawthorn, U. S. N.      | 24 One Boy in a Million; or, The Trick That Paid. By Edward N. Fox.                 |
| 9 In the 'Frisco Earthquake; or, Bob Brag's Day of Terror. By Prof. Oliver Owens.      | 25 In Spite of Himself; or, Serving the Russian Police. By Prof. Oliver Owens.      |
| 10 We, Us & Co.; or, Seeing Life with a Vaudeville Show. By Edward N. Fox.             | 26 Kicked into Luck; or, The Way Nate Got There. By Rob Roy.                        |
| 11 Cut out for an Officer; or, Corporal Ted in the Philippines. By Lieut. J. J. Barry. | 27 The Prince of Opals; or, The Man-Trap of Death Valley. By A. Howard De Witt.     |
| 12 A Fool for Luck; or, The Boy Who Turned Boss. By Fred Warburton.                    | 28 Living in His Hat; or, The Wide World His Home. By Edward N. Fox.                |
| 13 The Great Gaul "Beat"; or, Phil Winston's Start in Reporting. By A. Howard De Witt. | 29 All for President Diaz; or, A Hot Time in Mexico. By Lieut. J. J. Barry.         |
| 14 Out for Gold; or, The Boy Who Knew the Difference. By Tom Dawson.                   | 30 The Easiest Ever; or, How Tom Filled a Money Barrel. By Capt. Hawthorn, U. S. N. |
| 15 The Boy Who Balked; or, Bob Brisbane's Big Kick. By Frank Irving.                   | 31 In the Sultan's Eye; or, Beating the Porte's Game. By Tom Dawson.                |
| 16 Slicker than Silk; or, The Smoothest Boy Alive. By Rob Roy.                         | 32 The Crater of Gold; or, Dick Hope's Find in the Philippines. By Fred Warburton.  |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**      **24 Union Square, New York.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our libraries, and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

**POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

.....

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. ....190

DEAR SIR— Enclosed find ..... cents for which please send me:

.... copies of FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos .....

.... " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos .....

.... " " WORK AND WIN, Nos .....

.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos .....

.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos .....

.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos .....

.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos .....

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos .....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....